TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

In these latter days everything is getting too all-fired funny for the old-fashioned people who eat boiled potatoes and are not ashamed to say so. The few unabashed adherents to the customs of their grandfathers are outnumbered by the great tossing millions who try to think and act with perverse originality. It is progressive to travel new paths and occupy new highlands of thought and habit. It is a good thing for the race that men are so disposed, but at the same time it is undeniably true that this is a dizzy world to live in for a man whose convictions became ossified twenty-five years ago. The bones of his moral structure make some singular creaking sounds if he tries to keep up with the procession, and presently, left behind, he disapproves of the whole movement. There was a time not long ago when in all Canada there could not be found ten thousand people who would vote for anything that the preachers declared to be a violation of the fourth commandment. Yet now that number have so voted in Toronto and it will doubtless be found that the incoming generation of ministers will considerably revise the orthodox understanding of sacred law, as their predecessors have done. Rev. Dr. Briggs, across the line, with a distinguished corporal's guard of Presbyterian professors behind him, is contending that there is no warrant for believing in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. Not very long ago he would have been banished from all Christian councils as worse than an infidel for this and other heresies entertained in his mind and proclaimed from high places, but now he has a wider sympathy among religious people than one would fancy who had not taken the trouble to watch his cause. At a meeting of three hundred Methodist ministers in New York, a few weeks ago, a paper was read by Rev. H. W. Knight in relation to the unsatisfactory work being done in the lower levels of society in the great cities, and recommending that the allurements of the saloon be counteracted by introducing billiard and pool tables and bowling alleys into the basements of all the churches, where the young men might assemble under Christian influences. The proposal was listened to with astonishment but received discussion before being inevitably rejected. The speaker claimed that the games mentioned not being bad in themselves, they should no longer be monopolized as an attraction to the paths of evil. Until the present moment Mr. Knight and his proposition would have been an impossible product of Methodism, which still regards a euchre card as an admission ticket to perdition. Any number of instances might be given to show the speculative tendencies of the time, that make old men shake their heads sadly. It operates upon the whole social relations of man. When that poor fool Guiteau committed his crime ingenious lawyers set up the plea of temporary insanity, and a plea seldom heard of before has since found an acceptance second only to that great resource of criminals, the establishing of an *alibi*. No person commits suicide now except in a fit of temporary insanity, and nobody commits a murder now except he be in the same pitiable condition. To me this whole bunch of theories seems wrong. I think a man can commit suicide while perfectly sane, as sane as any of us are, for we are all hovering delicately near the verge of lunacy at best. This new idea that sane men, as the term is understood, do not commit suicide, has never been satisfactorily established and until some proof is adduced its promoters should be less forward. It is very convenient for a criminal lawyer, solicitous about an enormous fee promised him should he succeed, to argue that his client took off his sanity and his clothes at the same moment, went in swimming, drowned an enemy, came out and put on his clothes, recovered his sanity and proceeded along the even tenor of his way in profitable enjoyment of the fruits of his aberration. That would be a most convenient thing, if accepted in law, for impecunious heirs-apparent to rich and easily drowned old men. The heir could not be hanged for his crime, having been insane and irresponsible when it was perpetrated: he could not be sent to the asylum, having at the time of his trial fully recovered his sanity. He could but be sent free to enjoy estates that he gained by bridging many years of waiting with fifteen minutes of judicious lunacy. But the plea of temporary insanity has only a very uncertain weight in our criminal courts, and meets with all manner of receptions. The law and the gospel declare the human heart to be selfish, and the ineradicable selfishness of man is the north star that guides a learned judge in his reasonings. If a man leaves a high intellectual level to indulge in the truant pleasures of a half-hour's lunacy and commits some crime for which he is afterwards placed on trial, the judge usually asks who stands to profit by his deed. If the prisoner is gainer, the plea of temporary insanity is usually rejected, for it is the best proof of a sound condition of mind that he looked after his own interests. But if the deed in no sense benefited the prisoner, his plea of insanity might be admitted, since it is credible evidence that a man is crazy if he risked hanging without securing any personal benefit. This may seem to disprove my claim that a man may commit suicide while perfectly sane, for, say you, the suicide receives no personal benefit but does himself fatal harm, therefore, selfishness not ruling him, he is no longer a rational man. Think of Saul, that selfish king of Israel, who after a vain-glorious reign found himself disgraced and liable to suffer added indignities, so threw himself upon his sword and died. Defeat did not unbalance his mind, but simply aroused his selfish nature to end itself rather than suffer humiliation. Selfishness is not dead but rules triumphant in one who destroys self to save self from present or approaching trouble, and my contention is that so long as selfishness departs not from a man his sanity is above suspicion. An unfortunate high-roller sitting down at the end of his tether some day and calmly considering the presumable pain of a precipitate death and the uncertainties of the hereafter on the one hand, and the cruel certainties of life on the other, and reasoning no more falsely from the data before him than many of our foremost logicians do every day on economics, might conclude in favor of winding up his life business on the spot.

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There may be some consolation for his friends in the thought that a man in suiciding was temporarily insane, but it seems to me that he was merely unsound in his logic and his death was its false and grievous deduction. What this country wants is a race of people that can reason well. We do not want a vaccine against the so-called disease of temporary insanity. The man who ends in suicide usually leads himself up to it by smaller acts of selfishness and poor judgment. He is one of those men who are always going up street when everybody else is coming down and getting bumped and banged and crushed. Half an hour later, damaged and dilapidated, he finds himself struggling down street against a returning stream of humanity. Selfishness makes him demand the middle of the pavement and poor judgment causes him to try to batter along against everybody else. Frittering himself away in such foolish contests, he some day sits down and calmly debates on suicide and concludes that it would be preferable to a continuance of the war in which he has been so badly worsted. He has no conception of another kind of life in which he would move agreeably along doing his duty and winning his rewards along with the multitude. His judgment and reasoning powers were deficient all his life, like thousands who do not suicide, but he was not a victim of temporary insanity.

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Another of these latter day developments is the disease of kleptomania. People will come to sympathize with those whom this disease afflicts, when it is conceded in law that it may break out in a poor man as well as a rich. So far it has received no countenance in the courts save where men and women of influence were charged with thieving, and ordinary chaps who sought to escape a term in jail by urging that they were helpless patients under this fell mania are laughed at yet by their striped and close cropped companions in durance. Somewhere a few days ago I read the song of a down-hearted tramp who, in making plaint of his woes, exclaimed:

> Would that I were rich enough
> To be a kleptomaniac!

There was an outburst from a sad heart! He wanted wealth not for the gross delights it could afford, but for its sweet prerogatives. He did not covet houses and lands but he longed with all the might of his intense nature for sufficient wealth to make him a mark for the fastidious bacteria of this new disease, so that he could fearlessly steal anything he could lift, and be pitied instead of imprisoned. It would be a capital thing for tramps and burglars if kleptomania were generally recognized in courts of law as a disease to which all classes are liable. Learned judges, for lack of better guidance, again reason from the assumption that the human heart is selfish and that a man is not diseased who steals for his own emolument; whereas, that other man who steals and risks a term in penitentiary while abundantly furnished with money and possessions is necessarily unsound somewhere, for he cannot appreciate the relative importance of his own interests. I cannot very well quarrel with this view of the matter being on record as believing that a man's sanity is above suspicion so long as he does not allow his self-interests—or what he illogically decides to be his self-interests—to suffer. Diligently have I sought to respect this new-fangled affliction that never descends below a certain level of society, and cannot do it until it comes down to the ordinary walks of life. If it is a disease, its presence in a millionaire is easily detected should he steal with no apparent motive; but if it is a disease it will not affect one class of society alone, the difficulty being to detect it among needy people who steal, their poverty seeming to furnish a motive. There being a selfish motive proves sanity and sanity establishes criminality.

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The appointment of a second Royal Commission to investigate the proceedings of the Mercier Government of Quebec, is said to be causing a great rumpus down there. Some serious trouble may ensue before the elections come off in the spring. People not so excitable as the French-Canadians might be moved to disturbance by a lesser complication than now exists in Quebec politics, and anyone who looks at the facts reasonably must see this. To be sure, honesty has been outraged by Count Mercier and his loose-virtued troop, and the late Royal Commission was a necessity. An honest premier would not have objected to the investigation undertaken by that triumvirate of judges, but it will be remembered that Mr. Mercier did not object to having his pockets searched, so to speak. He merely protested against the way his searchers set about it, and cried aloud against the injustice of their exposing what they found. He is something of a constitutional lawyer and Provincial Righter just now, is Mercier. He is straddling about the ramparts of Quebec these days, emblazoned with his church decorations, defying the Federal oppressor to carry out his infamous schemes. Well, it seems to me that the wisdom and justice of the Federal authority is being tested at this moment, as well as its strength. It would be better for that authority to fail through weakness than to win through injustice. Mercier's rascality is taken for granted, but at this time the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec should not forget his delicate position, and how easily he may imperil the relations between a Province and the Dominion which he represents. Not only should he think of this, but those entrusted with the power behind him should think of it seriously. The Federal authority at such a critical period should be absolutely unpartizan, else it will bring itself into contempt with the provinces from which it derives its power and on the confidence of which its permanence depends. A Mercier orator can now say to the French-Canadians: "The Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, acting under orders from the Tory Premier of the Dominion, appointed that first commission of three judges, of whom two were once active Tory politicians. These two brought in a report, in the illness of Judge Jette, condemning Premier Mercier, and Governor Angers promptly dismissed him and his ministry, calling upon the Tory member, De Boucherville, to form a government. This he did, but he dare not face the Grit Legislature, knowing that a large majority of the people's representatives would declare against him and defeat him in an hour. Unconstitutionally, but with the connivance of Mr. Angers, the new premier decided not to hold a session during 1891, but announced a general election for a date three months ahead. Then the Tory Premier of the Dominion told the Tory Governor of Quebec to appoint a Tory commission of three to investigate Mr. Mercier's management of public affairs while the general elections were being fought and bring in a sensational report shortly before polling day to secure the victory of a Tory Government in Quebec." Mr. Mercier's speakers and his newspapers are saying this and a good deal more. There is much seeming truth in it, too.

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A Royal Commission should be impartial and should enjoy the confidence of the people. If it is regarded as a piece of party machinery its findings are treated with contempt. I am told that Justice Mathieu, Donald McMaster, Q. C., and Damase Masson are three honorable gentlemen, worthy of all trust, yet each of these gentlemen forming this new Commission have Tory antecedents and instincts. The masses of Quebec will not be allowed to forget this, and should the commission investigate matters and report with all honesty and fairness that Mercier is found to be the most inveterate thief and swindler that ever disgraced a public office, the people will treat that report as campaign literature, and accord it just the same respect as they give to circulars from the Conservative headquarters. And you must admit that if at any time the party instincts of those three men could in the least degree bias their judgment or influence their actions it would be now, when all around them is surging the soldiery of a doubtful political contest, and the very air is impure with election profanity and party falsehoods. In the midst of a general election the time is notoriously ill-suited for investigating the official acts of a party premier, both because the commissioners may inhale some of the prejudice that freights every breath of air outside their room, and because the people outside, being asphyxiated by it, present a dead ear to reason and are unable to receive honest impressions.

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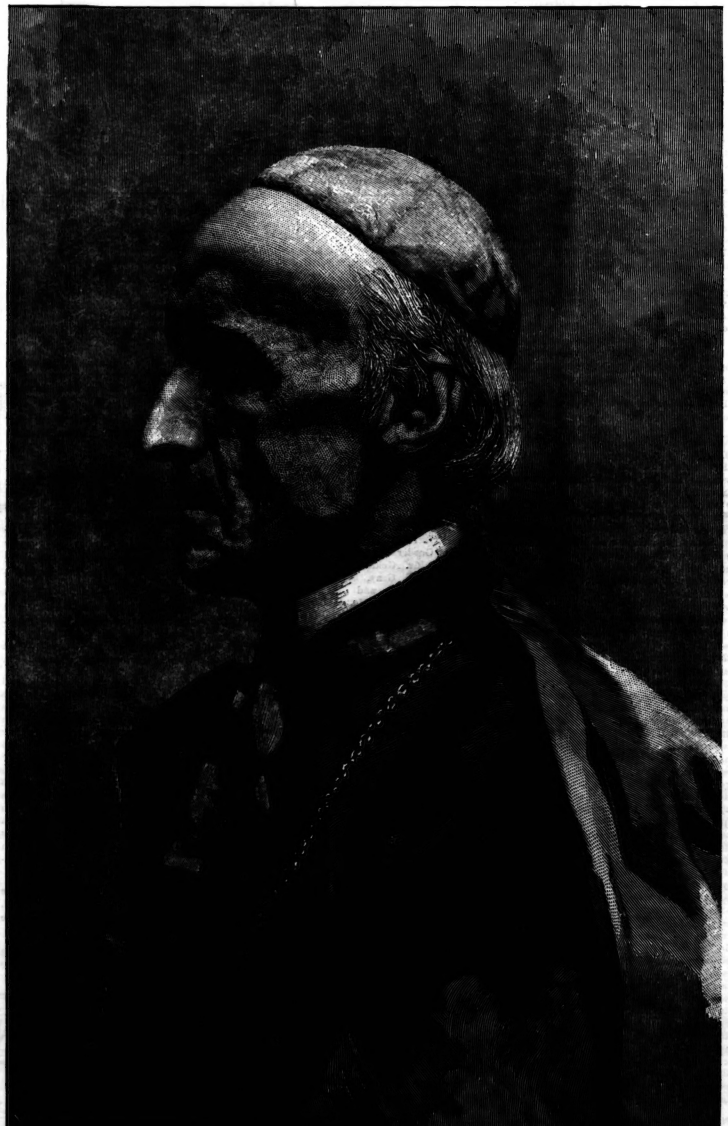
Mr. Mercier's trail should be carefully examined, for enough has been disclosed to justify the suspicion that the core of many a stolen apple and the stone of many a stolen plum will be found strewn along his backward path. I believe Mercier is wholly bad and a hopeless case, whose record should be laid bare before another election is held in Quebec, but I think I foresee a serious shock to our present Confederation from the partizan appearance of Mr. Angers' every act during this crisis. With this for an excuse and the wretched financial



The Late Cardinal Manning.

condition of the province for a real cause, we may expect to hear a demand for a rearrangement.

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There are those who think it would be a bad thing for the Province of Ontario should a Conservative legislature be returned in Quebec, for that province would then be in a position to bolster up its finances from the Dominion treasury, to which Ontario so largely contributes. De Boucherville is not likely to prove, in the event of his success, such a financial gymnast as Mercier has been. Necessity forced the latter to raise money by ways and means, sometimes dishonest, but always clever. A Conservative premier would not feel driven by necessity to cultivate his own resources while his political father and generous chief was in high command of the Ottawa treasury. After winning a province he would expect a fitting reward and enough money from time to time to hold the fort for the party. There is an unintended wisdom in the course of the people of this country in giving the Legislature to one party and the Commons to the other. By this means an equilibrium is preserved and no province is enabled to slyly receive large grants. With a Reform government in Quebec and a Conservative government at Ottawa there is sure to be a struggle before the excessive demands of the former are met by the latter. It will get its narrow dues but no more. All Canada then is interested in preventing the establishment of a community of party interest between Ottawa and Quebec, whether Tory or Grit in color. This consideration will afford me comfort if Mercier should win, as he probably will. Not only would a Mercier defeat be a bad thing for the pocket of the Dominion, though a most fortunate deliverance for that province, but it would soon prove a positive calamity to the Conservative party in Federal politics, which would grow into disfavor through yielding to the importunities of ever-hungry Quebec.

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It is right that the *News*-Alexander case should be analyzed in the courts. Unless a huge and inconceivable misund rstanding occurred between gentlemen who are accustomed to speak intelligibly, then there is a clear case of deliberate blackmail or a clear case of deliberate libel. One of these two things is certain and somebody is entitled to heavy damages from somebody else. I trust the victim will be identified. It is always most tearful in a case like this when the victim is unidentified and the villain is undetected. When the law fails to sort out the sheep from the goats everyone in the flock claims to be a spotless lamb, which causes confusion, for we know it is untrue. Therefore let the law loose and let the courts decide it—not make a bluff at it. When a newspaper insinuates that other journals are mercenary and purchasable it should have a defensible virtue of its own. Everyday people who get a daily paper to inform and counsel them on public questions are liable to conclude that whether the representatives of the *News* asked for 10,000 lines of advertising or for $10,000 cash as a condition of supporting Col. Alexander's reclamation scheme, it is pretty much the same thing. A paper that copies its policy from the cash book of its advertising agent would prove a rather unwholesome guide for workingmen. In fact, the explanation that it was "lines," not dollars, is a more serious reflection on the paper than Col. Alexander's charge in all its baldness, for while an editor and an agent might lay pipe to secure $10,000 for their personal enrichment without the management being any the wiser, an advertising contract would pass through the books and require the sanction of the management. I know that this explanation about advertising was startled from the gentlemen interested in their first surprise at Col. Alexander's charge of attempted blackmail, and should not be criticized in its imperfect shape. It has since been supplemented by a statement from Mr. Gregg that the editorial influence of the paper was in no sense promised or involved in the straight advertising bargain discussed, which, of course, alters the whole matter. The burden of proof rests with Col. Alexander, and it will be a good thing for the newspaper business of this town if it turns out that he is a dreamer of dreams.

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There was nothing else for it but to acquit Handcock on the charge of murdering his daughter. When the best medical testimony contradicted itself so strongly, some doctors affirming that the break in the skull could only have been caused by a vicious blow from some such instrument as a hammer, and others affirming that the break could not, by any possibility be caused by a blow from a hammer but was undoubtedly done by a bullet, then we are at liberty to reject the medical evidence altogether and accept the old man's suggestion that Sophie fell and fractured her skull against the cellar door. The medical men said this was impossible, but then half of them just as positively said it was impossible that the girl was killed with a hammer and the other half, no less positively, said she was not killed by a bullet. The only absolute certainty unearthed by the detectives and corroborated by the unanimous expert evidence of several learned doctors is this, that Sophie Handcock is dead. Her father and the neighbors made that discovery while her body was yet warm and the detectives and doctors and lawyers after months of clue-chasing, microscopic analysis of the skull and wily cross-examination of a cloud of witnesses have completed a circle and arrived at the point where everything started the day the girl died. A case like this should caution medical men to talk slow in murder trials, for theirs has not yet become an infallible science. It is largely speculative and a doctor is in a certain degree guided by pre conceived notions and influences not medical in character.

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Before a trial of this nature occurs the people all seem anxious for a conviction, yet the moment the prisoner is found guilty opinion flops right over, and men who before had thirsted for his blood commence to hawk about petitions asking a reprieve. In this case it would perhaps have been better for Mr. Handcock's social repute and comfort had he been found guilty in spite of the fact that no evidence existed going to show that he had killed his daughter either with a hammer or pistol, for then everybody would have seen the injustice of it and a great wave of sympathy would have arisen in his behalf and restored his freedom, whereas now the same people will go around talking unjustly and unfairly. These are the people who, when a man's house burns down, call him a fool if it is not insured, and insinuate that he set it on fire if it is insured.

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The death of Prince Albert Victor is one of those surprises that sometimes occur in real life and give novelists a new start in business. That he should be carried off so soon after the announcement of his betrothal to Princess Victoria of Teck, is pathetic enough without the intensifying circumstance that she will have a wealth of presents, now pouring in, to remind her of what might have been and so nearly was. Things quite as pathetic occur every day down here in our level of life, but the difference is that nobody has time to notice them. Whether high up or low down such occurrences should excite sympathy, and the fact that it is often not given does not weaken the appeal to one's better nature when the facts do meet him and cannot be overlooked. Prince George, who now falls in line for the British throne, is perhaps better known and more popular in Canada than the late Prince Victor, for the reason that he is something of a rover, and the newspapers credit him with a certain dash and love of adventure. Nothing recommends a Prince to British people so much as an exhibition of the fine, manly qualities so characteristic of the race. The death of Cardinal Manning is not so surprising, he being an old man, but a wide interest will be felt in the departure of this wonderful churchman.

MACK.

## Social and Personal.

On Tuesday last the second assembly given by the Royal Grenadiers called together a throng of Toronto's society men and women. Webb's dancing room was a medley of red coats, gold braid, pretty gowns and prettier faces, while the air resounded with laughter and merry chat. "It is a great success," said a well known hostess to a tall officer. "You may congratulate yourself on that, and we may do likewise on such a charming party in the midst of a deadly dull season." The band did itself credit in the performance of various enticing tunes, which, if not classic, proved the very thing to dance to. The *menu* in the supper rooms was varied and excellent, and the arrangements all that could be wished for convenience and comfort. A good many nice people, whom we instinctively look for at our society events, were absent, la grippe and its serious and sometimes fatal consequences having robbed the ball of several of our well known dancing people, and mourning and bodily illness having prevented more than a score of prominent folks from being present. But there would hardly have been room for any more dancers; the room was just filled comfortably, and a fine show they made—soldiers brave and ladies fair—as they formed in sets for the Lancers. Among the many were several new faces. Miss Mabel Metcalfe, who is visiting in Toronto, was decidedly the most inquired about; she looked very lovely in a dainty costume of white silk and *chiffon*. Captain and Mrs. Goting of Winnipeg were also much welcomed visitors. A very dainty dame in white with mouse-colored shoes and gloves attracted my attention by her dancing. Mrs. Hay, who always looks a queen among women, wore a delicate deep pink gown enriched with pearl passementerie; her *coiffure* was plain, and became well her expressive face. Miss Mackay was in a corn-colored gown, *berthed* with black lace; Miss Janes wore cut blue satin-striped grenadine; Mrs. Percy Eliot, white silk; Mrs. Alfred Cameron, a very *chic* gown with corslet waist and drapery of rose pink crepe, *en brethe*; Mrs. Gibson, a pretty pink dress; Miss May Walker, corn-colored *crepe* and garland of wheat ears. Mrs. Dawson looked stately in a rich black velvet dress, and Miss Dawson was charmingly dressed in pale blue. Mrs. G. T. Denison wore white. Miss Gussie Hodgins looked radiant in a very pretty blue gown, Miss Marjorie Campbell wore white, which seems to particularly suit her fair and interesting *personelle*. Miss Strange was trimly gowned in delicate pale green, Mrs. J. K. Kerr wore a costume of cream and pale blue. One of the prettiest dresses was Miss Laura Boulton's gray gauze with garlands of lovely pink flowers. Mrs. Croil looked well in yellow, and Mrs. Justice Maclaren wore a very handsome black lace and silk gown, with *berthe* and garniture of passementerie jeweled with Rhinestones. Miss Bunting looked extremely well in white, Miss Benson wore black and pale blue, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, a sweet little blue gown; Mrs. Sloane, who is also *petite*, a pale pink; Mrs. Alfred Denison, copper colored satin princess gown with white faille brocaded train; Miss Josie Gooderham, red tulle; Miss Lulu Gooderham, cream brocade; Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, white crepe over white silk, with lace and pearls; Mrs. Lapham, white silk, Miss Sullivan, Nile green *crepe*, with bodice of silver passementerie; Mrs. Hees, mustard yellow *crepe*, amber jeweled passementerie.

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The guests present were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Strange, Lieut.-Col., Mrs. and Miss Otter, Lieut.-Col. Gray, Lieut.-Col. Denison, G. G. B. G., and Mrs. Denison, Lieut. Col. Hamilton, Q. O. R., Lieut.-Col. Dawson, A. D. C., and Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Major Harrison, R. G., Capt. Hay, R. G., and Mrs. Hay, Capt. Gibson, R. G., and Mrs. Gibson, Capt. Cameron, R. G., and Mrs. Cameron, Capt. Gosling, R. G., and Mrs. Gosling, Capt. McLean, R. G., Capt. Heward, R. G., Assistant-Surgeon King, R. G., and Mrs. King, Capt. Merritt, G. G. B. G., and Mrs. Merritt, Capt. Macdougal, I. S. C., and Mrs. Macdougal, Major Vidal, I. S. C., Capt. Baldwin, 2nd Cav., and Mrs. Baldwin, Lieut.-Col. Brophy, 91st Batt., and Mrs. Brophy, Lieut.-Col. Davidson, 48th Batt., and Mrs. Davidson, Capt. and Mrs. Eliot, Major King, Welland F. B., and Miss King, Major Cosby, 48th, and Mrs. Cosby, Capt. Sloane, G. G. B. G., and Mrs. Sloane, Capt. Broughall, 90th, Capt. Morrow, Capt. Macdonald, Mr. A. J. Boyd, R. G., Mr. A. M. Irving, R. G., Mr. C. J. Maraw, R. G., Mr. J. T. Thompson, R. G., Mr. W. Lehmann, R. G., Mr. W. R. Pringle, R. G., Mr. A. Peuchen, Q. O. R., Mr. J. G. Burnham, Q. O. R., Mr. A. F. Mathews, Q. O. R., Mr. H. A. Willis, 36th, Mr. P. M. Bankier, H. F. B., and Mrs. Bankier, Mr. Casimir Dickson, G. G. B. G., Mr. C. L. Benedict, 90 h, Mr. C Cockburn, G. G. B. G., Mr. H. V. Knight, 22nd, Mr. J. H. Laurie, Mr. A. J. Arnold, Mr. and the Misses Radyerd Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Mr. Henry and the Misses Bethune, Mr. and Miss Barker, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Brown, Mr. and Miss Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Miss Bunting, the Misses Boulton, Miss Bright, Miss Begg, Miss Botsford, Miss Bryan, Miss Bostwick, Miss Benson, Mr. F. H. Bacon, Mr. A. S. Beardmore, Mr. A. J. Bracland, Mr. W. Burritt, Mr. C. Bogart, Mr. Mayne and Miss Campbell, Miss Gordon, Mr. Frank Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Croll, Miss Powers, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. A. D. Crooks, Miss Castle, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. Beardmore, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Dyas, Mr. J. Dyas, Miss Dickson, Mr. H. A. Drummond, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. J. F. and Miss Edgar, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Fisken, Mr. A. Foy, Miss Fraser, Miss Hattie Fraser, Mrs. and the Misses Fuller, Mr. W. J. Fleury, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mr. Alfred and the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. F. M. Gray, Mr. Fred Gray, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn, Mr. and Miss Hoskin, Mr. W. D. Hart, Mr. Harry Hay, Mr. A. D. Heward, Mr. D. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, Mr. A. J. Holtyer, Miss Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Miss Hubbard, Miss Hodgins, Mrs. Heinnaman, Mr. and the Misses Janes, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. and Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Nicol and the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. and Miss Kelso, Miss Kerby, Mr. W. S. and the Misses Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Ley, Mr. W. M. Lindsay, Mr. W. C. Lee, Mr. Lowe, Miss Lotridge, Miss Lindsay, Mr. and the Misses Merrick, Mr. and the Misses Montizambert, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. Percy Morris, Miss Montgomery, Miss Metcalfe, Mr. and the Misses Morgan, the Misses Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew, Mr. and Mrs. McCuaig, Mr. and the Misses Macdonell, Mr. H. T. McMullan, Dr. McDonagh, Mr. G. S. Macrae, Mr. J. D. and Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Hugh MacMahon, Miss Macdonald, Mr. H. O'Reilly, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. H. and Miss Price, Mrs. Prince, Miss Plumb, Miss Parsons, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mr. E. C. and Miss Rutherford, Mr. J. F. Risley, Capt. Roche, 34th, Mr. A. W. Ridout, Miss Ross, Miss Ruthven, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Miss Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Hon. Frank and Miss Smith, Mr. B. and Miss Sloane, Mr. W. P. Sloane, Mr. Charles and the Misses Swabey, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr. J. M. Saunders, Dr. Spilsbury, Mr. D. T. Symons, Mr. F. Strowger, Mr. W. A. Sherwood, Mr. Alan and Miss Sullivan, Mr. Roger Stovel, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Mr. Stanton, Mrs. and Miss Skae, Miss Sparks, Miss Skaeff, the Misses Seymour, Miss Fanny Small, Mr. J. A. Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. M. Temple, Miss Temple, Mr. and the Misses Thompson, Dr. C. A., Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mrs. J. A. Taylor, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mr. G. Vankoughnet, Mrs. Vansittart, Mr. D. R. and Miss Wilkie, Miss May Walker, Mr. C. W. Walker, Mr. Watson, Miss A. Coatsworth, Mrs. Winans, Miss Yorston.

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The Wanderers' ball last night in the Pavilion was a very delightful episode of the winter's galeties. The club and the friends of the club will look back upon this affair with pleasurable assurance of its complete success. Particulars are too late for this week and will be given in next issue.

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The French club will meet at Mrs. Fox's residence, 46 Major street, this evening. The reunion given by Miss Susie Ellis of 583 Sherbourne street last Saturday was one of the pleasantest of the season. Although various plans were arranged by Miss Ellis for the amusement of the members, the charms of conversation usurped all premeditated diversions, and it was remarked that the French club had succeeded beyond all expectations in assisting its members to acquire and enjoy fluency of speech in the only language permissible at these reunions. Among those present were: Mesdames Fox, Tackaberry, Denison, Haldenby, Coutellier, Miles, Hamilton, Gordon, E. Gordon, Ellis, Reynolds, Messrs Catto, Bourlier, Forster, Rowan, Friedewald, Coutellier, Stewart, Mason, Brown, McLay and Barlow Cumberland.

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The *soiree* given by the Oriole Social Club at Webb's parlors on Wednesday evening was much enjoyed by the members of the club and their guests.

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A most enjoyable evening was given by the Toronto Bicycle Club in the concert room of the Woman's Guild on Elm street on Tuesday evening.

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Mr. E. Ebbels, whose kindly assistance during the representation of Ben-Hur some time since lent additional interest to the affair, gave an evening of recitations on Monday last in Association Hall. A goodly number of nice people attended, and the elocutionist had no reason to complain of his reception. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," Mr. Ebbels charmed his audience and was seconded in his efforts by Mrs. Blight, who played a sort of accompaniment on the grand organ to one of the most dramatic recitations. Among the audience I noticed Prof. Clarke, who is doubtless well pleased with his successful pupil.

*

Justice and Mrs. Ferguson will be At Home on the evening of January 28, to their friends. The genial hospitality of Eastlawn is proverbial, and is always looked forward to with pleasure by those who are bidden to receive it.

*

The latter part of the week has seen several theater parties, as Rose Coghlan has always a distinct charm for Toronto people. A serious *contretemps* combined to throw a damp on the Scott-Siddons engagement. An unique complaint made was, that the support was too good for the star. One usually hears the other side of the question. La grippe, which has seemed to fasten with glee upon those whose profession compels a certain risk of chill, has laid low one of this "too good" support, and to those of us who are old enough to have fallen under the fascination of Mrs. Scott-Siddons several decades back, the cause of failure in the star is only what one could reasonably expect.

*

County Crown Attorney Lorenzo Dulmage Raymond of Welland, father of Mrs. T. C. Street Macklem, died on Tuesday last, at the advanced age of 81.

*

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, whose devotion to art and delicacy of conception are known to the

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Marie Hubert Frohman as The Witch, at the Academy next week.


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## Fashionable Fancies.

TO BE becomingly dressed at home is said to be a test of a well-ordered mind. Certainly it is an indication of correct taste and orderly habits, and the utmost care cannot be too highly commended, especially for young ladies and girls. The formation of habits of neatness and a due regard for the prevailing fashions in style and material, and the adaptation of dress to circumstances and occasions, should be carefully attended to in the education of young persons, as by this means much vexation and no end of trouble to their friends as well as themselves will be avoided. There are many very wilful and capricious young women who entertain the most absurd ideas as regards dress. They are either vain and love display which leads them to overdress oftentimes to a degree bordering on grotesqueness, or with an affectation of indifference they profess to despise handsome dresses, and will appear in society in garments wholly inappropriate and unbecoming. A tea-gown should not be worn in the evening, or a full-dress costume in the morning, except on some special occasion. Very rich and elegant dress for the street is considered most inappropriate, and suggests the idea that its owner has no other place to display her finery. Ladies who have social position and social obligations, have need of their fine dresses for ceremonious occasions, and, as a matter of course, reserve them for this purpose, and are well content to wear plain garments on the street.

"I met a lady while I was out walking the other day," said a young girl, "and she wore a tailor-made dress of mourning cloth, a crape bonnet and silver ornaments, and I wondered if according to the strictest rules of propriety that would be considered in good taste." "Certainly not," replied the lady addressed. "American people are very fond of aping foreign customs, but it never seemed to me worth while to adopt anything ridiculous simply because it was foreign, and certainly ornaments with a mourning costume must be so condemned by every sentiment of appropriateness and taste. If one chooses to wear crape she takes upon herself by doing so an unwritten obligation to wear nothing that is out of harmony with it. Ladies who can't refrain from indulgence in fancy fixings, jewelry and ornaments while in mourning, had better leave crape off altogether. The incongruities of their dress are most uncomplimentary to their taste as well as a direct contradiction of the symbols of sorrow which they affect. 'All things in their place' is an excellent motto, and in no case is the violation of this rule more marked and painfully conspicuous than in the absurdities indulged in by people who are supposed to wear mourning as an indication of grief for departed friends."

Large directoire revers are revived for the corsages of new evening dresses. The front of the gown is round at the waist, or is in princesse breadths and drawn in cross folds at the waist line to fit the tapering figure. It is cut down from above low on the bust, and turned back in square cornered revers that are faced with the fabric and left untrimmed. In the space between the revers is a gathered plastron of lace or chiffon, and there are *choux* of the thin material, or else bows of satin ribbon set above the revers as shoulder knots. This is prettily carried out in a gown of pale rose satin, with a plastron of white *point de Genes* lace gathered inside the revers and shoulder knots of white satin ribbon. The elbow sleeves are a puff of the creamy lace, with a bracelet of the white ribbon knotted inside the arm. A white satin dress brocaded with waving stripes of silver has a plastron of white chiffon wrought with silver, and the three-cornered revers appear to start from two *choux* of silvered chiffon set on each shoulder. In this dress the short sleeves are frills of scalloped chiffon falling low under the arm, and held shorter on top under the *choux*. A flounce of the chiffon trims the front and sides of the skirt, while the back is laid in a triple box pleat that widens toward the end.

I think I told you that the reign of the small bonnet was drawing to a close. Whether I did or not, let me tell you now that English taste this season is for big bonnets. One that I saw—a French model I fancy—called the Directoire, was really immense. It was of dark green velvet with a crown of sequins and was trimmed with old lace. In front was an aigrette and a feather, and the strings were watered ribbon. This bonnet had a poke brim, which I should have thought would have been enough to spoil any face. However, it looked better on the head than off. A picture-hat which was startling both as regards size and trimming, was of black beaver felt, brightened with light touches of peach-colored ribbon and ornamented in front with three great nodding feathers. Another poke bonnet, smaller, and consequently more becoming than the first model described, was brown velvet trimmed with pale blue velvet ribbon, and in front a pale blue feather. Horseshoes are newer than paste buckles for trimming hats. Ombre ribbons have had a very short run. Being many-colored they were difficult to dress to. The toque still flourishes. It is entirely an English fashion. A pretty model is of pink cloth with a soft brown fur brim, and is trimmed with a humming bird and feathers. All the prettiest felts are trimmed with bows of some bright, soft color—yellow, pink, turquoise or green.

The trimming of dance dresses runs more to ribbon ruches, cascades of ribbon, and gauze flounces. A dainty dress of white crepon for a girl had a thick ruche of white satin ribbon round the edge of the bodice and skirt, and would have been pretty but for the fact that it had four or five meaningless bows of broad ribbon dowfl one side. There seems to be endless choice in glittering materials for draping over silks—spangled and jeweled nets, tinsel gauzes, and so forth. These things are wonderfully effective and not expensive. I saw a very pretty pink silk dress covered with tinsel gauze. Other dresses as cheap were of soft silk and fine woolen stuff in taking colors. A new flower-trimmed dress had little sprigs of heather all over the front, tied on with bows of bebe ribbon, and a wreath of heather round the bottom. Self-colored brocades are not too elaborate for young girls' ball-gowns. One in pale rose-pink that was positively bewitching had a fantastic bodice rippled over with little gauze frills. LA MODE.

## Some Student Foolishness.

THE Delta Kappa Epsilon of Harvard is the Alpha Chapter of an organization which has chapters at all of the larger American colleges. It is a purely social club, and is managed by members of the Sophomore class. The method of selection of members is this: Towards the end of each scholastic year the Sophomore members of the society select ten men of the Freshman class to be members of the "Dickey." These are called "the first ten;" and it is a mark of considerable distinction to be chosen among the number, as this half-score is supposed to be the very pick of some five hundred students, and to represent what is socially best in the Freshman class. The election of each one must be unanimous; and a young man who has shown any disposition to be unmanly, or to be a swab, stands very little show of selection. These "first ten" select, at the beginning of the Sophomore year, a second ten, and a twenty thus chosen select a third ten, and so on till forty members of the Sophomore class are included in the society. These Sophomores manage the affairs of the society and pay the charges. The members of the older classes, however, continue to participate in the festivities.

When a man has been selected for the D. K. E. he is not notified by letter of his election, but called upon in the night time by a committee of the whole society. A line is formed from his room to the street or yard, and the candidate is taken out of his bed and passed along the line, frequently one hundred and fifty men long, until he reaches the ground. Then he is left to scurry back to his room. Now he is said to be "running for the Dickey," and this novitiate period lasts five days—from Friday to Wednesday. During that time the man who is "running" must do everything he is bidden to do by any member of the society. Much ingenuity is displayed by the young men in devising schemes which will test the grit of the "runner," and each man is compelled to do some ridiculous thing for the amusement of those who have themselves passed through the ordeal, and love to jest at scars they never felt.

For instance, two young men, well known at Harvard as the Sean twins, were commanded to dress up as grooms and take the back seat of a dog cart, which was driven into Boston, and a young lady well known to the Messrs. Sears was taken to drive. They acted their parts with irreproachable nicety, and jumped down to hold the horses, touched their hats and scampered to their places again with a skill and decorum worthy of long training. These same young men were chained together and commanded to pull toy carts through Beacon street, in Boston.

Mr. George Norman, a brother-in law of Mr. "Freddie" Prince, one of the most celebrated of Boston's smart set, was compelled to dress up in knickerbockers and proclaim in the yard of Harvard and through the streets of Cambridge, "I'm Rollo, the Danish idiot." Another young man was requested to purchase a ticket for the front row of the theater at which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were playing, and to arise just before the close of the first act and say aloud: "This is too tedious, too rotten bad for me. It's the worst I ever saw." It is needless to say that the young man was promptly ejected; and there was where the fun came in for those who had gone to see the sport; the theater was full of his friends. Young Mr. Eustis, the son of the United States Senator from Louisiana, was required to take a German band in front of Beck Hall, and lead it with a lighted cigarette for his baton and a banana in his mouth. Young Mr. Brice, the son of Mr. Calvin S. Brice, Senator from Ohio, was compelled to wear a short-sleeved blazer and a straw hat and walk up and down in front of the grand stand at the Wesleyan football match with a placard attached to him, proclaiming in big letters, "I am Brice." His father, the senator, is now the president of the D. K. E. Society in New York city. Other men have been obliged to go around and kiss the babies on the street; and one is told of who was obliged to embrace the carcass of a black bear hanging in front of a butcher's shop, and to address the bear in tender and endearing words.

These things are seen by all who happen to be around, and they attract no particular notice either in Cambridge or Boston. When a well-appearing young man is seen to be doing something rather silly or idiotic, the people smile as they pass by, and say: "He's running for the Dickey." That explains everything, however extraordinary, and there has never been any particular desire heretofore manifested to put a stop to play which if it did no good did not appear to be doing any particular harm. But during this novitiate, and previous to the final initiation, the man who is "running" is fully informed of the horrors which he will experience at the final test which shall prove his worthiness to be a full member of so ancient an order. And it can be depended upon that a short bow is not drawn in the telling of what will happen. He is to be branded. He knows that, and he knows that that is the final test. He is often advised to paint his arm from shoulder to elbow thickly with tincture of iodine, so that the burn will not hurt. And it is not infrequent that this advice is taken. As practiced now at Harvard, six brands are made with a lighted cigar. The "victim" is blindfolded, his arm bared, and a freshly lighted cigar pressed against the arm till the cigar goes out. This is repeated six times, and the result is six little scars, which those who have them wear as badges of honorable distinction until they forget all about them. Members of the boat crew and football team are not burned, for sometimes these burns are sore for a little while and might interfere with training and the rough work of the football field.

There seems to be no doubt that in the last few years the process of initiation has undergone some slight changes. Men who were at Harvard between 1870 and '80, and who were then Dickeys, say that there was never any actual burning of the arm except by accident and such accidents did not happen once in fifty times. One member of the class of '77 said that he could not remember whether he was actually burned or not. But the practice seems to have then been to hold the cigar very close to the arm, so that its warmth should be felt. When an actual burn was made it would be because the hand of the officiating dignitary had slipped, or some eager members had pushed him while he was performing the great function.

## Notary Vogel's Joke.

*(Adapted from the German.)*

ONE fine morning Master Shepherd wended his way down into the town and bought a piece of blue cloth to make a coat with.

Now Notary Vogel, who was the wit of the village, was passing the merchant's and saw the cloth neatly wrapped up in a parcel which was open at each end, and said to himself: "Here is a chance for a bit of a joke on Master Shepherd."

So he searched out Shoemaker Beck and Lawyer Penn and told them to do this and that and thus and so, and they should see what they should see.

So when Master Shepherd was trudging homeward he was met by Shoemaker Beck.

"How goes it this morning, Master Shepherd?"

"Might be better, might be worse, Master Shoemaker."

"That is a nice piece of red cloth you have, Master Shepherd. But what are you going to do with it?"

"You must be drunk," returned the shepherd, and he passed on down the street.

Presently he met his old friend Lawyer Penn.

"How goes it this morning, Master Shepherd?"

"Might be better, might be worse."

"You have a nice piece of red cloth there, Master Shepherd?"

"What?" said Master Shepherd, opening his eyes very wide. "You too think it is red! Why, it is as blue as the sky."

Well, all that Lawyer Penn could say was that Master Shepherd must be color-blind. Why it was as plain as the nose on his face that the piece of cloth was red.

"No," said Master Shepherd, "it is blue," and he went off down the road grumbling, and very much puzzled.

Soon after this he met the notary.

"Good morning, Master Shepherd," said he, as he tucked his cane under his arm and took out his silver snuff box. "Where away so early?"

Master Shepherd took off his hat, as was meet with so grand a person as the notary, and said he was on his way home.

"You have a fine piece of red cloth there. Have you a son in the Red Hussars and is it to make a coat for him?"

Then Master Shepherd was furious. "That cursed merchant," he cried, "he shall have it back again!" and off he ran to the merchant, as fast as his legs could carry him, leaving the shoemaker, the lawyer, and the notary to laugh until their waistcoats were in danger.

Moral—Thus we see how easy it is to make a man believe that blue is red against every dictate of his own understanding. And so it is in our daily life: We will believe wrong to be right if only the requisite number of people tell us so. LAUNCELOT.

### All the Style.

Pat Donovan—Pwhat in the wurruld hov youse been doin' to yureself an' the dorg?

Bridget Munkseny—Shure! don't ye know It's all the style, an to hov pwhickers lolke thot on the dorg! Well!

### The Way to Heaven.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of Heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and not drift or lie at anchor.

### Code of the Handkerchief.

The *Clothier and Furnisher* has an interesting and careful article on the handkerchief. The writer of that article tells us that the elegance of the correct wearing of the handkerchief is embodied literally in the prevalent catch phrase, "out of sight."

The fact is the masculine handkerchief should never be seen save when in use, and then there should be no ostentation. Men who carry the handkerchief in evening dress is a question that has received a good deal of attention. The plan of thrusting it under the waistcoat at the waistband was long in favor and is practiced to some extent now. It is believed that neither the coat nor the trousers affords the requisite facilities for concealment, but that the dress waistcoat is the proper abiding place of the handkerchief on formal occasions. Acting on that theory a plan has been evolved providing for a horizontal slit pocket upon the inside or lining of the waistcoat on both sides, a little forward of the armholes and extending down under them. Two pockets would be the preference of the best men of swaggerdom, who always carry an extra handkerchief. In this manner the extra bulk might be disposed as not to imperil the fit of the coat. Moreover, the shape and geography of the pocket would enable the wearer to readily and gracefully reach them.

### China and Japan.

Westward to the Far East, the new publication of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is, as will be surmised by the title, a guide to the countries of China and Japan. This little volume is replete with all information relative to such a journey, including maps, log record, short summary of the Japanese language, etc., and while giving some necessary statistics does not bore the reader by constant reference to figures, a custom so prevalent in the ordinary guide book. Any of our readers thinking of touring, or wishing to have a further knowledge of these unique yet beautiful countries, could not do better than peruse this work, as not only is the information vouched strictly reliable, but it refers the reader to the best authorities extant on all points where fuller detail may be required. Quite a feature of the guide is the summary of the Japanese tongue, which will be found amply sufficient to the ordinary tourist. Westward to the Far East is beautifully finished, the binding being especially artistic, and anyone wishing to obtain a copy should write or call upon Mr. W. R. Callaway, 113 King street west, who will be glad to furnish same.


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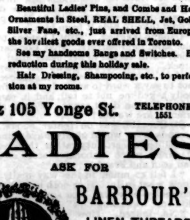

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# CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

*Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.*

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## CHAPTER XII.

Constance was both surprised and vexed when, coming in from a drive in the Bois, she found Lord Hardstock quietly seated in the salon engaged in conversing with her brother-in-law.

"Hast thou found me, oh my enemy!" was in her heart, but she somehow managed to force the conventional greeting.

"And what has brought you here!" she asked when the door shut upon her brother-in-law.

"A steamer and a couple of trains," he replied airily. "Did you imagine that I had come by balloon?"

"You must know what I mean," answered Constance. Never before had she allowed her temper so far to get the better of her good breeding, but she was literally quivering with indignation. Lord Hardstock pulled his chair closer to hers and then asked a somewhat irrelevant question.

"How long is it since you heard from home?" said he.

Mrs. Armitage turned pale.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked quickly. "For pity's sake, tell me. Is it Eva?"

"Compose yourself. You have no need to be alarmed. Your little girl has scarlatina—a mild attack, and is doing well. Miss Baillie is with her night and day. Knowing how worried you would be I would not let them write to you about it. I saw Dr. Dale, the physician, who was called in, the last thing before I left town, and have since received a line from him which will, I am sure, allay your fears."

"And you came here purposely for this—to break the news to me?"

"I did."

Mrs. Armitage felt rebuked for her impatience towards this man who in every untoward event in her life seemed fated to stand between herself and harm. She could not help wondering why it was that she could not bring herself to like him better. But there was real warmth in her manner and genuine gratitude in her tone as she stretched out her hand to him.

"I thank you," she said simply.

Lord Hardstock stooped his head and pressed a light kiss on the slender fingers, but as he was in the act the door opened, and Daphne's eyes rested on them both. Mrs. Armitage snatched her hand away, and Lord Hardstock rassed, proceeded to present her visitor to her sister-in-law, but there was a curious look of mischief in Daphne's eyes as she apologized for the intrusion.

"I had no idea that Lord Hardstock was here," she said, with a swift glance at Constance's distressed face. I supposed it was only Mr. St. Quentin."

Lord Hardstock started. So St. Quentin was a visitor here. He felt that he had not come a day too soon, and he began to think that it was quite providential the child should have fallen sick and given him such an excellent excuse for a visit to Paris.

When Mr. and Mrs. Armitage heard of the wish to save Constance a short visit which had brought him thither they were loud in their praises of Lord Hardstock's forethought and kindliness.

"You are to be congratulated on your friends," remarked Gerald, a trifle drily. And Constance was unable to make any reply.

But, despite the encouraging letter which Dr. Dale had sent, Constance felt that she could not be happy away from her darling, and determined to return home at once, and her husband stock was delighted at the happy accident that permitted him to be her escort.

So newhat grieved at Mrs. Armitage's avoidance of him, Basil St. Quentin allowed a day or two to pass by before he again called at the Faubourg St. Germain, and he was amazed and mortified to discover that Constance had gone back to London. "She might at least have sent me word," he said to himself.

As a matter of fact Constance had done so and had given Daphne a letter to post, but that far seeing young woman had judged it wiser to retain it, telling herself that she would deliver it to Mr. St. Quentin personally when he called, as he was sure to do if kept in ignorance of her sister-in-law's departure.

Now Daphne forthwith forgot all about the letter until three weeks after, when she drew it from her pocket soiled and crumbled, and then without the faintest scruple tore it into shreds. She came to the conclusion that it was too late to forward it to its rightful owner and, after all, it could scarcely have been of much consequence.

With mingled feelings of vexation and pain St. Quentin learned that Lord Hardstock had accompanied Mrs. Armitage to London. "Surely that was unnecessary," he reflected. "If Eva was ill and her mother felt that she could not trust her to anyone's nursing but her own, it was only natural that she should bring her visit to an abrupt termination, but she might have arranged matters so that Lord Hardstock did not leave Paris at the same time." The more he thought over the matter the more angry he became.

"Do you know Lord Hardstock?" asked Daphne, all smiles and coquetries, and it must be confessed well pleased to have the field to herself.

"Yes; I know him."

"Is he not delightful?"

"I dare say some people think so," answered St. Quentin sullkily. "For my part I must admit that he is not a favorite of mine."

"Mr. St. Quentin is jealous," reflected the vain girl. "He does not like me to sing Lord Hardstock's praises." Then she added in a tone of conviction that put the finishing stroke to St. Quentin's ill-humor, "He is a very particular friend of Constance's."

"Mrs. Armitage is unfortunately one of those persons who lack the courage to let a man see when his attentions are unwelcome," said St. Quentin. "The more she disliked a person the greater would be the pains she would take to hide it from him."

Daphne laughed. "But I happen to know," she said, impressively, "that Constance has a very warm corner in her heart for Lord Hardstock." And she pursed up her red lips and looked wondrous wise. "I suppose I ought not to say a word to anybody; but after all nobody asked me not to tell, and it can't do any harm, for you don't count. We are such good friends, are we not?"

St. Quentin was on tenter hooks, but ten second later would gladly have gone back to a troubled uncertainty rather than have heard Daphne's much elaborated story of what she had seen and heard.

"I felt so much in the way really I hardly knew what to do. They both looked so foolish, but really how was I to suppose anything of that sort was going on?"

"No, indeed. How could you possibly guess!" St. Quentin had looked sick, but he felt that it was impossible to pursue the subject further and rose at once to make his adieux.

"Oh! you are not going?"

"I am afraid I must. I am very sorry." The young man tried to infuse a modicum of regret into his tone, but his attempt did not alto- ther deceive his listener.

She looked down and said: "You will come and see me still! I am so lonely—always."

She was very pretty. Her bluish gray eyes shone with something very like tears and she put forth a little warm trembing hand that seemed lost in his huge fist. St. Quentin pulled himself together with something like a start. It is curious how the baser part of a man's nature gets the better of him at times.

"You are very good," he said; "yes, I will come again." And then he dropped the clinging fingers and got himself away in hot haste. But it was not with the alluring little force his thoughts were busied as he he strode along but with a woman whom he had fondly believed to be above and beyond the petty meanesses of her sex, and who had stooped to deceive him, and had thrown dust in his eyes by affecting a repugnance to the man whom she permitted to caress her. It was positively sickening, he thought. Was there no such thing as honesty and sincerity in a woman! Were they all alike, and had Constance Armitage her pride in common with the rest of her sex! Lord Hardstock was rich; and she who had once enjoyed every luxury that money could purchase, might well be forgiven if she looked back with longing eyes on the flesh pots of Egypt. And thus the man who professed to love Constance cruelly wronged her in his heart.

Nothing could exceed Lord Hardstock's delicacy and tact on their *tete-a-tete* journey. Without inflicting his companionship on her when Constance wanted to be alone he yet contrived to be within hail whenever he was required. He felt that he could afford to play a waiting game now that he had trumped his enemy's card. And when the train steamed slowly into Charing Cross Station and he proposed putting Mrs. Armitage into a hansom that she might lose no time in getting home he gained his reward, for in some little surprise she looked up at him: "Are you not coming with me?" she asked.

Of course it would have been more diplomatic to have declined. But was a sacrifice Lord Hardstock felt to be beyond him, and so without more ado he took his seat beside her, radiant and jubilant.

"I could scarcely do less," Constance told herself. "After his extreme kindness and attentiu it would have been most ungracious to have acted otherwise. When she found Mrs. Strangways waiting for her in her little drawing room, with a cosy meal all ready prepared she felt that she had made a mistake, for Rebecca bestowed the warmest of welcomes upon Lord Hardstock, and with a quick glance Constance noticed that the table was laid for three. And by-and by she began to see that she had been unnecessarily alarmed, for Eva seemed much the same as usual, and the attack had been a very mild one. Miss Baillie was in attendance and looked worn and pale.

"I have been very anxious," said that lady simply, when Mrs. Armitage commended her looks, "but all is going on well and I cannot be sufficiently thankful."

"How good you are!" cried Constance, with glistening eyes. "My darling, what can we do to show our gratitude to kind Miss Baillie!" she asked Eva.

"Oh, I have been an awful nuisance," remarked the lit le invalid, naively. "I heard her say so. Oh, mother, I have such a big doctor, ever so nice. You will see him tomorrow."

"And who is he!" asked Constance. "Did you send for him, Miss Baillie!"

"I did," answered that lady. "I happened to have noticed his name on the door when we were out walking, and, not knowing who your own medical man was, I sent for him."

"You acted quite rightly. Is he a clever man?"

"I think so. Eva has become quite attached to him. Dear Mrs. Armitage, I am sure you must want some tea. Do go down now, and I will get my little patient to sleep." And so Constance went softly away, congratulating herself for the twentieth time that she had such a treasure as Miss Baillie to rely upon.

It was late when Lord Hardstock left West Kensington. He had lingered a few minutes after Mrs. Strangways had gone, and Constance again expressed her gratitude for the trouble he had taken on her behalf. He shut the hall door, and when he was a few paces from the house he paused to light his cigar. As he did so, a gentle touch fell on his arm, and a sweet voice at his elbow whispered, "Forgive me. I could not have slept if I had not seen you for a second."

"Emily, what madness!" He spoke angrily—she had taken him so much by surprise. Wrapped up in the thought of Constance he had forgotten her very existence, and it came upon him as an unpleasant reminder.

"Oh, do not scold me, darling," she said. "One word of love and I will go."

She was covered from head to foot in a long cloak, the hood of which fell back on her shoulders, and she lifted her beautiful face pleadingly.

"Foolish child," he cried, trying to speak lightly but in very pasts of fear lest there should be a spectator of the unwelcome scene. The street was deserted—not a soul was to be seen from one end of it to the other.

"You will come again soon—very soon!"

"Yes, yes, I promise. Run back, little one; you should not have risked this."

"I would do more than that for a caress. I get so few now," she whispered, her lips very close to his. And then he stooped and kissed her once, twice, thrice and so sent her back happy and comforted.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Two days after Mrs. Armitage returned home, Miss Baillie took the scarlatina and became seriously ill. Standing bare-headed in the chill night air, after passing so many hours in a heated atmosphere, must have had something to do with it, but no one suspected her of such imprudence.

Mrs. Dale became very anxious about her condition. He was a remarkably handsome man, considerably above the medium height, with the most beautiful eyes that Constance thought she had ever seen in her life. They were a curious shade of gray which became almost black when looked at in some lights, with immense lashes and extremely long lashes. The first question he put to Mrs. Armitage took her some what by surprise.

"I am afraid your governess is going to be seriously ill," he said. "Has she friends by whom she could be nursed?"

"After her devotion to my little girl, the very least I can do for her is to nurse her here."

Dr. Dale smiled—and a very strange smile it was—but said no more.

Miss Baillie became a most difficult patient—restless, irritable, and unwilling to believe that she was really ill at all. At the end of the second day Constance and Gerald thought the nursing herself, and Mrs. Strangways sent her own special factotum, by name Dyne, to take her place. Dyne was quite a character in her way. A tiny little woman somewhere about fifty years of age, but looking at least ten years older, with a skin like parchment, withered and puckered, hair like tow, and a mouth pursed up into a button hole. Like most of her class, she was much given to fault-finding, and desolate to the last degree, yet she possessed a warm and kindly heart, and would have given her life for anyone who found favor with her. And this all unconsciously Constance had done.

"Bless her sweet face; they won't easy find her match," the old woman muttered as she took her place by the bedside. "I always thinking of others. Now what must she be like, I am wondering!" she continued, as she took a long, steady survey of Emily Baillie as the invalid lay asleep.

But no one was the wiser for the conclusion she might have formed on the subject, for she did not speak again. It was, however, no secret in the household as time went on that Mrs. Dyne had not fallen in love with her patient.

"Beautiful she may be," she remarked to the cook; "I am not denying] what she is. But then you see there's two sorts of beauty, just as there's two sorts of angels, and I haven't quite made up my mind as to which sort she belongs to."

For several days Miss Baillie was in a dangerous condition, but at last she took a turn for the better, and very slowly began to mend. Convalescence is always more trying to an invalid than actual suffering. It is only as strength comes back that we realize how weak we are, and Miss Baillie was no exception to the general rule. She was perverse, ungracious and even cross to old Dyne, whom she secretly abhorred. But there was one person who always found her charming and delightful. Dr. Dale was fast losing his heart. He really thought that Mrs. Armitage's governess was the sweetest woman he had ever seen, and Miss Baillie would not have been a true daughter of Eve if she had not been fully aware of the fact. She smiled her brightest and lifted her beautiful eyes with a world of coquetry in their gaze to his, but never for a single instant did she swerve from her allegiance to the man who had scarcely even troubled to ask after her well being. All the heart that Emily Baillie would ever give to any man, she had surrendered into his keeping, and she had not the faintest suspicion that Lord Hardstock was playing her false.

One evening Dr. Dale paid a late visit. He had been detained in the country all day and was unwilling to go home without the certainty that all was progressing favorably with his interesting patient.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad you have come," said the maid who opened the door to him. "We were just going to send round."

"Why, what is amiss?"

But almost before the words were uttered a woman's piercing scream rang through the house, a door on the upper landing opened hastily and Nurse Dyne's forbidding face looked down on them.

"You'd be it come up," she said angrily. "A pretty job I've had."

Dr. Dale was, in American parlance, up those stairs in a streak of lightning. "What is it? Hysterics!"

"No, tantrums. She has just laid there and yelled until I am fair deafened."

Miss Baillie was crouched in a large easy chair silent for a moment, but as the doctor approached her she burst anew into sobs and shrieks, her body writhing, her hands and limbs working convulsively.

"What have you done for her!"

Dyne turned on him like a tigress. "She must thank her lucky stars that she's only just got over the fever or I'd have doused her with a pail of cold water that would have brought her to her senses."

Dr. Dale pointed to the door sternly. "Leave the room," he said. "You are not fit to have the charge of an hysterical patient until you have learned to control your own passions."

Dyne would like to have rebelled, but as she afterwards said; "There is something creepy like about the doctor. I can't exactly give it a name but something as makes you feel you durun't go against him." And she moved slowly across the room and stood outside the door.

"Get up," said Dr. Dale, putting his hand lightly on Miss Baillie's shoulder.

She neither stirred nor spoke, but he could feel her quiver beneath his touch.

"Get up," he said, firmly, and she lifted her face white and tear-stained for a second, only to drop back again crying and sobbing.

He then raised her to her feet, trembling in every limb.

"Try and stand," he said.

"I can—I can't."

"Yes you can. It is the effort only that is wanting."

She tried to obey, but she was terribly weak and sank back half fainting. He lifted her in his arms and laid her on the bed.

"Poor child," he said gently. Presently he went to the door and opened it. "Mrs. Dyne," said he, "be so good as to undress Miss Baillie. I will be back again in a few minutes." He spoke as if nothing had occurred. Dyne's only too pleased to note his demeanor. With gentle hands she began to undress the almost unconscious girl and then set to work to put everything ship-shape before the doctor returned. Not a chair was out of place and there was no litter anywhere, but she prided herself upon her sick room being the very pink of perfection.

Suddenly Miss Baillie started up in bed laughing wildly and flinging her arms above her head. To remonstrances and arguments she was alike deaf. Peal followed peal of hysterical laughter, while the tears coursed down her cheeks. In the midst of it all Dr. Dale came in. He walked straight to the bed, forcing the sobbing girl back upon the pillows and held her there, fixing his eyes upon her and holding his breath. She shivered and shaken, cowered like a leaf and then she lay still—conquered. His grasp relaxed and he turned his eyes away from her for an instant, and in that second her eyes closed, the eyelids drop over them and a faint sigh parted her lips. She was asleep. For fully an hour Dr. Dale sat motionless, his arms folded; at last he rose.

"Good night, Mrs. Dyne," he said quietly. "I shall be here early to-morrow morning. The patient won't wake before then."

"Lord love, sir, she'll be that restless and fidgety the whole of the blessed night. She always is."

"Not to-night, Mrs. Dyne. Take my word for it she will not move as much as a finger. You may go to sleep yourself with a safe conscience."

And although Dyne shook her head and pursed up her mouth with a air of superiority, Dr. Dale proved to be right, for Emily Baillie slept as peacefully as a baby and was still slumbering when the doctor paid his first visit. He took the small hand in his and counted her pulse, then laid her arm gently back upon the coverlet.

"Mrs. Dyne, will you fetch me a tumbler and a teaspoon!" he said.

"A teaspoon is here, sir, but a tumbler—well now, that careless housemaid has not taken away the dirty one. I won't keep you a minute, sir."

It was little more than a minute he wanted, stooped over the quiet form in the bed and laid a finger on each eyelid with a gentle pressure. "Wake up," he said loudly. The color came faintly to her face and with a sigh she woke.

"You!" she said, looking up at him mistily. "I was dreaming of you."

A puzzled expression came over her face, and she turned on her pillow with a frown. Clearly her dreams had not been to her liking.

At this juncture the grim Dyne made her appearance with a tumbler. The doctor took it and dropped some co orless liquid into it from a phial in his pocket and then he filled it up with water.

"Drink this," said he, "and you will feel a thousand times better."

She obeyed without a word, and then closed her eyes.

"I shall call in again about four o'clock. Keep her very quiet. Recollect that she is not to get up. And you had better darken the room."

Dr. Dale found Mrs. Armitage waiting for him outside the sick room.

"Is she very ill?" she asked, looking pale and harrassed.

"Not now. She has been suffering from excessive weakness which naturally followed the fever, but I think I may promise that she will now make steady progress towards recovery, and Dr Gwynnstairs again very shortly."

"Oh, I am relieved. I really was quite frigh ened."

"Perhaps you are not an hysterical subject yourself, Mrs. Armitage?"

"No, I am thankful to say I am not," she said.

"What a contrast between the two types of woman," said Dr. Dale to himself, as he walked thoughtfully down the street. "The one so calm and dignified and restful—the other a bundle of nerves, and yet—" He broke off and sighed impatiently.

## CHAPTER XIV.

From that day Dr. Dale acquired an influence over Emily Baillie that puzzled as much as it vexed and annoyed her. She was uneasy in his presence, and though she avoided meeting his glance she could feel his eyes looking into hers and filling her with subtle fancies. When he spoke of her it was always in the kindest way. The girl was too much in love with Lord Hardstock to have room in her heart for any other wooer. What then was the strange power that held her spellbound in his presence, that made her long for him when he was gone and shrink abashed when he approached her! She asked herself her faithfully, and had paid the penalty by falling in love herself.

"Oh, Dyne, I don't like to bear you talk in such a strain," she said, in tones of rebuke. "Why should you speak ill of her, poor girl!" Dyne muttered something under her breath that sounded like "humbug."

"She is not that," said Constance, earnestly, "and so long as she performs her duty as nobly and well as she has hitherto done, I must refuse to listen to anything you may have to say against her."

"Well, I only hope you may not find it out for yourself, ma'am," snapped Dyne, determined to have the last word.

Emily Baillie was very unhappy. Five long weeks had she spent in her sick room and no single word had reached her through all that weary time from the man who had promised to marry her. Surely he might have found some means of communicating with her. She knew he came sometimes to see Mrs. Armitage, and once she had heard his voice in the hall speaking to Eva, and in a very agony of suspense and longing she had dragged herself to the door that she might get a glimpse of his dear face. But apparently he had forgotten her very existence.

"When shall I be well enough to go and see him!" she asked herself peevishly. "It is no use my writing to him; he would be afraid to risk sending me a reply and I have no other way of getting it. I sometimes wish I had never come here. I was much happier in the old life." And she fretted and worried herself to such an extent that Dr. Dale asked her point blank if she had any mental trouble, or if she


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could tell him what it was that was keeping her back from recovery.

"I suppose everybody gets the blues sometimes," she said, evasively. "I am restless and eager to be myself again, I think. I never remember being ill before, and it is an experiment I shall not care to repeat."

"You have not always been a governess?"

"No, never unt I I came here. I do not think I shall remain long."

Dr. Dale hesitated. If he had ever doubted what his feelings for Miss Baillie actually were he could do so no longer. What had been but a spark now sprang to flame within him and he knew that there would be neither peace nor rest for him henceforth. He could not let her go from him and he fixed his eyes full of passionate love upon her while he sought for words in which to confess his secret. Suddenly Miss Baillie rose from her seat and threw up her hands with an appealing and deprecating gesture.

"Don't," she said. "I can't bear it," and so sank back shivering. This ma terful mesmerism was to her simple torture. In a moment or two he was at her side. "Forgive me," he said. "God knows I love you too well to give you a moment's uneasiness."

"You love me!" she answered, her face alight with a strange weird light. Standing in the pillory of her own past life, seeing herself the accursed thing she was, fallen from the pedestal of true pure womanhood, they seemed strange words—strange and incomprehensible. Mechanically she repeated them.

"Yes, dearest one, I love you. I am a poor man, struggling to make a living, but if you will give yourself to me you shall never regret it. All that a man can do to make a woman's life bright and beautiful, that will I do."

Miss Baillie's eyes filled with tears, and seeing them Dr. Dale's heart sank. "There is someone else, he said abruptly.

"Yes."

"I ought to have known it." But the blow was none the less a heavy one. "You will not let this make any difference between us!" he said by and by. "You will let me be your friend—always!"

"Always, I hope."

"Sit down." He pulled a chair forward, and taking her hand in his, said: "I want you to know my sister. She is about your own age. I am sure you would like her. Will you come and see her some afternoon?"

Emily accepted the invitation. But she was vexed that matters should have precipitated themselves. Dr. Dale, as an admirer, might be tolerated, but anything else was out of the question.

Whatever faults Miss Baillie had she was at all events both loyal and constant. She liked this man a little, and she feared him a great deal. She rebelled against the influence he had over her, and at the same time was drawn to and attracted by him. She did not pause to analyze her feelings, but she felt that he was her master, and she would have set him at defiance if she had dared to do so. He had said he loved her—the pitiful, faulty, erring woman she knew herself to be. And her face worked curiously and a softened expression came over it. He loved her and wished to make her his wife. He had faith in her, believed in her virtue and purity. "Heaven be thanked there is no one to tell him what I am," she whispered with dry lips.

Two days days later she stole from the house unnoticed and unseen. The suspense and misery was more than she could bear. She must at all hazards see Lord Hardstock, and she considerably startled that nobleman, who had been informed only an hour or two before by Mrs. Armitage that Miss Baillie was not downstairs yet.

What a sad little face it was. The curving lips drooping and the big mournful eyes bigger than ever. Before Lord Hardstock had time to realize that she was there, she had flung herself wildly into h's arms and was sobbing on his bosom.

"Oh, do not send me away again. I cannot live without you."

"What an infernal nuisance these emotional woman are," thought Lord Hardstock, as he pressed a careless kiss on her forehead. But one sigh as well have expected peace and quietness in Emily Baillie as calm and equanimity in an earthquake.

"My poor child, you are weak still."

"No, not now—not now, when your arms are round me. I have wanted you so much. Rupert, I began to think that your love for me was growing less. Look at me—speak. Tell me that I am the one woman in the world for you, and that you love me and me only still."

Lord Hardstock began to wonder as he held her in his arms how much she suspected or knew. He felt that it would be worse than folly to argue with her. She was very fond of him, and although he did not love her still she was a beautiful woman, and she was his. Her heart pulsed swiftly back to every throb of his, and her clinging arms and warm breath, and the scent of a flower at her throat affected him powerfully. She was all woman now, tempting, madening and alluring. He knew that the secret of her life was his secret too, and the baseness of desire shook him as he looked down on her.

A wise man has told us that there are depths in a man that go to the lengths of lowest hell, and there are heights that reach to highest heaven, for both heaven and hell are made out of him, made by him, everlasting miracle of mystery that he is.

An hour later they still sat facing each other, the man bored and listless the woman with an air of happy content to which she had so long been a stranger.

Suddenly Emily broke the silence. "I have had an offer of marriage," she said.

"You!" So startled was her companion that only by an effort could he restrain himself from speaking words that must have opened her eyes to the actual state of affairs between them.

"Yes—I," she answered nodding her head. "Is it very wonderful?"

"And what did you say, Emily?"

"I said I had already given my promise."

"You did not mention my name I hope! You could never have been so rash as to have done that."

"There is no need to worry yourself. I merely mentioned the fact that I was already engaged."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"He is a very handsome man but as poor as a church mouse," she answered shrugging her shoulders discontentedly.

"What is his name?"

"Dr. Dale. Are you jealous, dear?"

Lord Hardstock laughed, but it was not a pleasant laugh to listen to. "You might do worse, Emily!" he said.

"Yes, I dare say I might. But I am going to do a great deal better. Oh, Rupert, how much longer am I to wait? I shall run away some day and then you shall have to marry me."

His brow darkened. "If you were so utterly indifferent to your own good name and character," he said coldly, "you could hardly expect me to be more considerate."

"Then you would refuse to make me your wife?"

"Most assuredly I should."

She grew very pale. "I was but in jest," she said. "I will do all you wish. Only remember that I am very unhappy away from you, and I can know no happiness until——" Her voice broke down and she turned away.

Perhaps his heart smote him a little, and after she was gone he told himself angrily that he was in a mess, and that if he was not careful she would ruin everything with her restless impetuosity.

"There is no such thing as a happy medium in a woman," he said to himself savagely. "Either they are as cold as ice and as unapproachable as polar bears, or they are demons of passion, and tear and destroy everything before them."

*(To be Continued.)*

He is truly great who hath great love.—*Thos. a Kempis.*


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**Collecting Bric-a-Brac and Things.**

"I know that there is a great deal said about the folly of collecting bric-a-brac and things," said a young matron of a good deal of education and more common sense, "but, for my part I think it's a good idea. It seems to me that anyone who would find it an advantage to turn the thoughts into some special channel; I don't care whether it's collecting pots and pans, cups and saucers, or interesting facts. I think I shall devote my odd time and chance to making a collection of facts, pictures, statistics, literature of all sorts, products, and, indeed, everything that I can learn about some special part of the earth. Whether it be Alaska or some point in South America I haven't made up my mind, but I think it is charming to have a special object in life and know all about a certain thing. Of course I don't mean to study one fact or set of facts to the exclusion of other things, but I do mean to turn one's attention in a special direction, so as to become thorough in one thing, and avoid a smattering of knowledge, and really be proficient—an expert, as one might say, in some special branch. It is a great comfort to feel perfectly at home on any given subject.

"I once took great interest in machinery and mechanical arts, but I soon found out that I couldn't make a collection without I had an exposition building or a warehouse for storage; so I gave that up, and contented myself with reading evrything that I could find about mechanics and machinery. I think that books treating of such matters should be in the library of every well-to-do family in the land, if there are children, especially boys; although, for the matter of that, I don't know why boys should read such things more than girls. The woman who understands mechanics, even to a limited extent, can help herself out of corners with the greatest ease, and with a great saving not only of money but of time. A collection of literature on machinery is very interesting and instructive.

"A friend of mine is making a collection of items about American art and artists, and has already a fine assortment of copies of the best American works. Of course she does not neglect foreign gems, but the American is the specialty. Another is looking after the musical history of America—the song, ballads and, as far as possible, the airs of the various periods. Particular interest will be taken in war songs, and it is hoped that an almost complete collection of the airs of that date may be obtained. This will, at some future time, be wonderingly interesting. Plantation melodies will be looked after and classified according to locality and date.

"Of course it is important that this collection be carried on with some degree of common sense. This, as well as anything else, may be made absurd and intrusive by lack of judgment, but I think it will be a prominent feature of the future, and that most people of intelligence and culture will turn their attention to some one or more phases of life, and not be content until they have made at least a fairly exhaustive study of them."

**The Bouquet.**

"One thing the younger set can congratulate themselves on this season," said a charming debutante, "is the disuse of the bouquet at the theater and at balls. Why, so completely has the fad died out that I am quite sure the number of bouquets carried to social assemblies this season would not count a half hundred all told. This fact was very generally commented on at the December charity ball, where not more than a dozen bouquets were seen in the hands of the ladies. And even these were not the huge mouth-shaped affairs of last season, but scant clusters of orchids, roses and chrysanthemums, loosely confined by long streamers of satin ribbon.

"Carrying flowers at dancing parties looks very pretty, of course, but one has to lay them down when one dances, and as it is quite a go to some other part of the room than the starting place, at the finish of the number, the bouquet must necessarily be neglected on some vacant chair during the greater part of the evening. This is a clear case of sweetness wasted on the desert air.

"Now, as to taking them to the theater, I really cannot see why one should not. They certainly are not in the way, and what can be more delightful than to inhale the perfume of a pyramid of nodding roses between the acts!

"But the edict has gone forth, and the *fin de siecle* woman now appears at the theater and soiree minus the long cherished hand bouquet.


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**The Humorist in Congress.**

In talking with a number of Congressmen in Washington, from which city I have just come, says Webster Finnigan, of Texas, I chanced to speak of one of them as a humorist. He begged me not to do so, as he said he was ambitious to rise in the political world, and did not wish to be hampered with the fatal reputation of a wit. Others took up the discussion, and all agreed that a reputation for humor was most fatal to any congressman.

One gentleman cited the late Sunset Cox as an illustration. Cox was a man of great and varied abilities, and would have risen very high, indeed, had it not been that after he had made one or two humorous speeches no one would take him seriously. Whenever he got up to speak everyone prepared to laugh, and nothing else would do. Proctor Knott effectually killed his influence by his famous Duluth speech, and I shall never get over my playful remark in the Republican convention. Reed is the only man noted for his wit who has ever succeeded in being noted for anything else.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Man—Say, mum, wus you a lookin' for a little boy wid flaxum hair an' blue eyes? 'Cause if yer are, he's the young un who climbed up an' tumbled over into the pelicum's nest, an' he's been an' swallowed him!

French Nurse—Be jabers, but I'll be kilt!

**On the Twelfth Floor—Skyscraper Flat.**

Reggy Rymes—What do you think of these rooms? Just see the view from the window!

Barker Carper—Fine, old man! You've got the attic; now, all you want is the genius.


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**The Publishers Didn't Mind.**

True Friend—I suppose the publishers get very tired at your calling on them so often?

The Young Writer—No; but I do.


**California and Mexico.**

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south-west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 22 Adelaide street east, Toronto.


**Reassuring.**

He (long sitter)—Oh, my! it is quite late. I must go, as I fear your father will be angry.

She—Why should you think that? He hasn't been sitting up with you.


TOILET.—The most esteemed beautifier for the complexion nowadays is Persian Lotion. Ladies generally add a teaspoonful of it to water when washing every morning.


**Something Like Court Tennis.**

Hoffman Howes—Ah, I say, have you any English books on cricket?

Dealer—No; nothing except Dickens's Cricket on the Hearth.

Hoffman Howes—Well, give me that.


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**SICK**

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

**HEAD**

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

**ACHE**

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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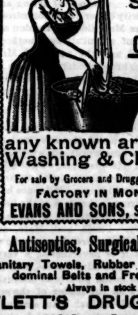
J. PICOT, PARIS, SOLE PROPRIETOR.

**LESSIVE PHENIX**



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# THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## On Dancing the Lancers.

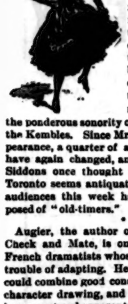
THERE have been occasions in the lives of all, when one's presence in a set of lancers has suggested the similie of the ball in the china shop. To dance this form of intricate maze has been the laudable ambition of nearly everyone. And it is one of the few ambitions that may be called laudable. After one has become as the famed cheeky little boys who swim on bladders a few score times, this ambition has its reward and one succeeds in dancing it without a break. At least, I believe so. I am confident that the happy day will yet dawn for me, though it has so far been delayed by partners more ignorant than myself.

What is the origin of lancers? It seems to be a conglomeration of the natural dances of a dozen countries. What a play for the emotions there is in it. It is a fraternal guild in itself. First is the stately quadrille-like bow to the ladies on either side. Then you go and give a still warmer recognition—a greeting with the ice broken—to the maiden opposite you. And then—well, now one begins to get hazy about it. The learned reader can set himself right if I am mistaken, but I think you seize the hands of and twirl with some other fellow's partner. And after this in some order or other, come a variety of movements. There is "visiting," which, like the making of party calls, is an awkward and beastly job. You circulate about and form a snake or a figure eight or something and get home on the wrong side of your partner. And there is another movement, when some fellow across the room grips your hand as if it were a pair of forceps and he was extracting teeth, and you sail around the room with your arm around the waist of your lovely partner. You cling tight and she, dear girl, lays her hand in such a trusting way on your manly shoulder, and a heavenly ecstatic sensation comes over you. So I have been told. I have danced the lancers with maidens whose eyes were like stars, cheeks like new opened blush-roses, lips like cherries, and breath as that of the faint-perfumed carnation, to encircle whose slim elastic waists would on other occasions have made my heart beat too fast for me to breathe. But I have had no ecstatic sensation. My heart only beat with the vigorousness of the dance and my mind was too busy wondering how it would all end to attend to my passions.

There are one or two more things you do, and then comes the grand chain. After going "all the way round" you arrive in good time for the "form fours" and find your partner in a mass half a dozen places along. And after it is all over and you are in an unpleasantly heated state and your partner is about to repay you for your trouble in fanning her by fanning you in a delightfully wicked way, some beast of a man comes and claims her for the next dance, and you are disconsolate—sometimes. But with all its drawbacks people still dance the lancers. It is after all a most attractive dance. It has a jolly, devil-may-care a'mosphere and men and hobble-de-hoys are willing to be bulls-in-china-shops many times with the hope of at last getting through the dance without a break.

TOUCHSTONE.

## The Drama.



ABOUT twenty-five years ago Mrs. Scott-Siddons opened in London, England. She played Juliet and Rosalind and the magic name of Siddons drew immense houses. Dutton Cook, the English critic, who chronicled the event in one of his books about the stage, drew a contrast between her modern methods of acting and the ponderous sonority of her dead progenitors, the Kembles. Since Mrs. Siddons' London appearance, a quarter of a century ago, methods have again changed, and the acting of Mrs. Siddons once thought so modern, as seen in Toronto seems antiquated and artificial. Her audiences this week have been largely composed of "old-timers."

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Augier, the author of Mrs. Siddons' play Check and Mate, is one of the few modern French dramatists whose works are worth the trouble of adapting. He was a playwright who could combine good construction with natural character drawing, and his good influence has been great and apparent in the work of the best English and American dramatists of the last half of this century. Check and Mate, an adaption of his L'Aventuriere, does not show him at his best, but it is nevertheless a very excellent little play. The adventuress, who is the leading character in the plot, is as familiar to the theater-goers as the leader of the orchestra. More sinned against than sinning, she is as usual; sinuous, hard to catch, slippery and scornful when caught also; extraordinarily generous on occasions and foolishly apt to fall in love with the leading man as ever. The story in which she takes a part is of an old Australian squatter, Squire Wesseley, who has in a fit of rage banished his son Harry. Years after, when the play opens, Harry returns and finds that his father is about to marry the Hon. Mrs. Stripworth, a woman whom his family dislikes and who, with her scottish brother, Col. Hector Bullby, seems to be imposing on the old man. Harry, in order that he may more effectually outroot Mrs. Stripworth, does not announce himself under his real name, but finding that his father does not recognize him, represents himself as an Irish earl, a friend of his son's. The old man receives him, and Harry, with his alleged prospect, succeeds in inducing the Hon. Mrs. Stripworth to elope with him. The squire discovers the couple as they are about to fly, and is just going to strike the supposed earl with his stick when his daughter rushes between them and tells him it is his son whom he is about to strike. Harry then produces evidence to show that Mrs. Stripworth has been a music hall song-and-dance girl, and an adventuress of exceedingly bad character, and explains to his father that he had not meant to elope with the woman, but to show him convincingly her real character. The adventuress, not to be foiled, claims that she saw through the son's pretences, was not going to elope, but to punish him for his deceit, and the squire, disgusted with both, orders his son and the two people who have imposed on him to go. Then Mrs. Stripworth boasts to Harry that she will remain near at hand, and by her power of magnetism lure the squire again to her side. Harry in holy rage that such a woman should aspire to fill his mother's place, bestows on her epithets more truthful than polite, and goes to her brother to negotiate terms to buy her off. Now the adventuress was more than half in love with Harry, for the first time in her life, and the spectacle of his scorn of her so wounds her that she decides to leave the family in peace and in future be worthy of the respect of decent people, and in the presence of all she destroys the check for £50,000 with which Harry offers to buy her off, and tells of her resolve. The old squire sees his son's real nobility of heart and puts him in his proper position at the head of the estates. One or two love affairs are fixed up and the blackguard brother, Col. Bullby, pursues his dishonest way. The play is a short one, full of condensed power and though every scene is to the point there are few of the bald wheels and cogs of construction, and nearly every scene is interesting for itself alone. The love scenes are pretty, but have the somewhat untrue ring. The adaption is excellent, though it is said that Robertson's Home, which I have never seen, but which the Kendals may produce here this season, is a still better presentation of the same original.

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Mrs. Scott-Siddons is a much better elocutionist than she is an actress. She seems utterly lacking in true dramatic instinct. In addition, though it is a sad thing to say, she is too old to play such a part and her former beauty is waning. She speaks as if declaiming blank verse and poses and uses her face as if acting heavy tragedy. Elocutionary methods are altogether too artificial for dramatic purposes. On Monday night Mrs. Siddons was ill and she may be better when in good condition, but it is doubtful. She altogether misconceives her work as the adventuress. Her support, however, was of unusual excellence. Mr. St. Maur is an actor of the English school, whose every action denotes the gentleman. Though apparently lacking experience, he has much magnetism and power and was altogether satisfactory as Harry Wesseley. Unquestionably the finest work done in the play was that of Mr. Henry Bayntun as Col. Bullby. It is safe to say that in *quality*, no greater piece of "character" acting than his second act has ever been done. Those who seek for a sermon on the stage could not ask a better one than his, although I suppose some people would argue that it encouraged intemperance to have a man drink six glasses of whisky on the stage. Though the audience laughed at him at first, there was something tragic about his performance. There was almost too much realism about it, and as he tumbled off the stage, endeavoring to sing Home, Sweet Home, the audience was breathless with something akin to terror. Mr. Mervyn Dallas did very good work as Squire Wesseley. Mr. Gordon did excellent comedy as Charlie Sturton. Miss Abi Strang was an exceedingly beautiful Jonquil; Miss Flora Clitheroe, a very fair Susie Retlaw, Harry's lady-love; and Miss Burns, a pretty Quaker maid.

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On Tuesday and Wednesday, owing to the illness of Mr. St. Maur, the programme was changed to a double bill, which included Jerome's comedy, Barbara, and a romantic, though somewhat flat and talky one-act drama. The first mentioned play has some very pretty situations, and deals a sacrifice which Barbara makes for the sake of her brother. Miss Flora Clitheroe gave a delightful and natural performance of the leading *role*. Mr. Henry Bayntun surprised those who saw him in Check and Mate by his handsome stage presence, and though his part did not give him a chance to exhibit his real brilliance he was an entirely satisfactory Cecil. Mr. Mervyn Dallas was an excellent old man and Miss Abi Strang was a pretty Lily. In the second named play Mrs. Siddons, as the blind girl, was acceptable and played the scene when she is restored to sight with some power. Mr. Gordon was an excellent Ambrose, and the balance of the parts were well filled.

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Miss Rose Coghlan, Toronto's old-time favorite, is with us again, with her new comedy, Dorothy's Dilemma, and to-night theaters will have an opportunity of contrasting Mrs. Scott-Siddons' adventuress with the real thing, when Miss Coghlan will give her lifelike characterization of Lady Barter.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Marie Hubert Frohman will begin a week's engagement at the Academy next Monday in The Witch. The Witch is a mirror of the days of witchcraft in Massachusetts. The scenes on the old Salem streets, the costumes and manners of the people are all embodied in the play. Its historical fidelity, its perfection of plot, its fine dialogue and its all-engrossing, thrilling interest to the spectator have been praised by the American press everywhere. No violence is done in order to gain dramatic effect. The play impresses by its truth and carries a far deeper lesson than a dozen ordinary dramas. Marie Hubert Frohman, who creates the *role* of Marguerite, the Witch, is a beautiful woman. Her voice is sweet, her manner of fascinating gentleness, her personality winning. She has individualized her *role* with rare skill, and displays an intelligence that comprehends every phase of character she portrays and every subtle meaning of the words she speaks.

Mr. Pitou, by the way, is a most versatile stage manager. He is a whole cast in himself. In directing his actors he does the ardent lover to the life, heaves a hoarse gasp as the heavy villain, pleads for mercy with the tenderness of a $200-a-week heroine, and it is a treat to see him toddle on as two bright-eyed, red-cheeked children of poverty.

There is an iron-clad clause in the contracts that members of Augustin Daly's company sign. It stipulates that they must never venture an opinion of their own when in the presence of the press. In response to urgent appeals Dr. Daly has at last stricken out the clauses that forbid men in his company to wear checked trowsers and walk on Broadway.

Augustus Pitou has bought a new play called A Member of Congress for his stock company. It is a society drama, modeled on the lines of The Charity Ball. The authorship is hidden in mystery. Mr. Pitou has been desirous to get a play full of human interest, or rather "heart interest," that has strong, stirring scenes. With this object in view, he has had the fortitude to wade through countless pages of type-written MS.

Matrimonial Kendalistic tendencies are asserting themselves among our erstwhile too independent actors and their wives. It used to be the caper to conceal a marriage, so far as programmes were concerned, between actors in the same cast, but now Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Jones fondly announce their allegiance, and are photographed with their heads resting affectionately on each other's shoulders. There is a fashion for everything nowadays, and one might as well be out of the world as not in it.

Henry Arthur Jones, the English dramatist, has been talking about the art of play-making and to some purpose it would seem, by way of rebuke to the nasty so-called realists like Ibsen and Hearne. "A school has lately arisen," says Mr. Jones, "which proclaims that the details of ugliness and disease are of chief importance and that curious and distorted forms of vice and selfishness are the essential elements to be preserved and treasured in plays." Against this Mr. Jones protests with all his might. "All great art," he urges, "is essentially healthy. Art should strictly follow nature by preserving a balance—as nature always does—a balance of health, of beauty, and pleasure in life. In many of the writers of the French school, in Scribe and Sardou, perfection of construction has been carried out to such a point that the human passions and the human characters that are dealt with in the play seem absolutely of no importance to themselves and to the great mass of human life, and the one object of their existence seems to be to show the ingenuity of the playwright. The moment the construction of a play becomes so ingenious as to be noticeable, at that moment it passes its limits and convicts the playwright of an attempt, not to paint human nature but to show his own cleverness. That construction, then, is the best which sinks itself and is entirely unobtrusive, and moves quite silently and unnoticed under the truths of character and life which the dramatist has to present."

Although Stuart Robson's admirers are counted by the tens of thousands, there are a few who can see no fun in his acting. There is a story told of Grimaldi, the celebrated clown, that he went to consult a physician concerning the state of melancholy into which he had fallen. The physician, who did not recognize his patient, advised him to go and see Grimaldi. "Alas!" replied the clown, "I am Grimaldi."

Robson hearing the anecdote, thought he would try it on a doctor himself. So he went to a physician and consulted him upon his melancholy, putting on a most miserable, dejected air.

"Nothing amuses me—nothing. Nothing makes me laugh," he replied to the doctor's question.

"Ever go to the theater?" asked the doctor.

Now, thought Robson, it's coming. No, he never went to the theater if he could possibly help it.

"Well, but you should go occasionally. Go and see something funny. Now there is an actor here—a comedian who calls himself Stuart Robson."

"Yes," exclaimed the actor eagerly. "I've heard of him."

"For Heaven's sake, keep away from him; he's the worst in the business. It's enough to drive a sane man into a lunatic asylum. I saw him the other night, and I've been melancholy ever since."

Mr. Robson did not stay to hear much more.

## An Island Etching.

CRESCENT moon is shedding her misty luster over the scene and the air is saturated with the inspiriting melody of the Soldiers' Chorus as a man in island costume leaves one of the cottages, and elbowing his way through the crowd of fakirs and merry-makers emerges upon the wooden footbridge.

His head is bent forward and he seems to wander aimlessly along, from time to time passing his fingers through his hair as though thinking deeply.

A dark form of a boat shoots under the bridge at his very feet, and he leans against the railing and watches it as it is swept up the lagoon. The line of foam behind it likens itself in his mind to the wavering vertebræ of a monstrous sea-serpent, while the miniature waves from the oarspoons, tinged by a colored light from the shore blended with silver moonrays, assimilate its undulating wings.

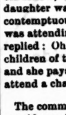
When the dip of the oars are heard no longer he climbs up and sits upon the railing. He hears the lapping of the water upon the beach singing a lullaby. Looking upward he sees the transparent moonbeams filtering down through the crystal atmosphere, and even the distant noises of merrymaking seem attuned to the melody of the passing breeze, but all seem to add to his melancholy. "To a land from which no traveler returns," he murmurs.

There is a splash, a gurgle of waters, little wavelets circle off towards the shore, and another mortal tired of strife has forced himself before the judgment seat of the All-father.

Before the cathedral clock has chimed the next quarter hour a maiden and her lover lean over the railing, and looking down see only the reflected flames of the stars, and he, lover-like, likens them to her lustrous eyes.

HARRY A. BROWN.

## 'Varsity Chat.



ECULIAR institution, the 'Varsity! One of my friends has a story which illustrates one of the many odd ideas the public entertain towards it. He says: "When I was home for holidays just after getting over the disastrous second examination, I was one evening standing along with a number of the old boys opposite the village liquor store, when the richest citizen of the place, a close-fisted old fellow, came up and informed me that his daughter was in the city attending college. I contemptuously intimated that I supposed she was attending a ladies' school, and he haughtily replied: Oh! no, she attends a college with the children of the best families in the Dominion, and she pays for her education. She does not attend a charitable institution."

•

The committee of the Senate appointed to consider and report upon the details of a plan to secure more effective teaching in connection with the pass subjects of the first and second years, report as follows: The committee understand that the desired object is to be attained by providing that there shall be a measure of supervision of term work in pass subjects, the change thus proposed in dealing with the pass classes being analogous to the improvements introduced into some of the honor departments where supervision of the work is now the rule. Such a change would necessarily involve an addition to the teaching strength in those departments where it may be found requisite to divide large classes. Apart altogether from the question of supervision, the attention of the Senate has been directed to the necessity of forming smaller classes, in order to secure more effective teaching in the departments of Latin, French and German. This proposal to form smaller classes, it appears to your committee, should be extended to all departments where it may be found necessary, and at the same time the experiment should be tried of exercising supervision over the work of the pass classes. With regard to such supervision, the committee are of opinion that it would be desirable to have it exercised in all the pass subjects of the first and second years. Should it be necessary, however, on account of the expense involved, to limit the operation of the scheme, it is recommended that it be applied to the departments of languages, mathematics, and philosophy as soon as adequate provision can be made for carrying it into effect.

•

The report continues to some length and a plan is devised, whereby the desired end is sought to be attained. Through some failing incident it would appear to humanity that it has been the custom to look upon the pass course in much the same way as certain people are wont to view the humble poor. It is so kind of them to take notice of those so far beneath them. The pass course, if properly conducted, would be of more value to the majority of the students than an honor course. There are men now taking a good standing in the pass course who are infinitely better than ninety per cent. of the so-called honor men. May the pass course flourish.

•

Some of the recent graduates who are teaching in high schools took advantage of the Christmas holidays and secured for themselves housekeepers.

•

There are several applicants for the position of registrar, and among them are most excellent incompetents.

•

Gongs in each lecture room are connected by electric wires to the clock in the vestibule and at each hour these gongs strike. In this way the lecturers are informed that their hour is at an end.

•

There are not twenty residers now and the number will soon be less. The boys have loud and long complaints to make about the accommodation they receive.

JUNIOR.

## If She Only Knew.

The wife of a cabinet minister went out of town for a day or two, the week before she was to hold a big official reception. She got into a carriage at Rustin in which were a young lady and (apparently) her aunt, her intrusion being much resented by the young lady.

I am sorry to say she did not scruple to utter audible expressions of annoyance at the invasion of her privacy, and altogether tried to make things as awkward and uncomfortable as possible for the cabinet minister's unhappy wife.

The latter, however, settled down behind her own paper until she was aroused by the sound of her own name. "Are you going to Mrs. —'s reception?" the young lady was asking her her aunt. Yes, the aunt was going.

Whereupon the niece broke into vehement exclamations of her desire to go, too, and for the rest of the journey talked over every possibility of getting an invitation from the cabinet minister's wife, who was all the time sitting opposite her.—*London Spectator.*

## Kindness.

In the daily intercourse of life it is by little acts of kindness, recurring daily and hourly, in words, tones and looks, that affection is nourished and kept and happiness conferred on those around us. He who neglects these seeming trifles and thinks that when some great sacrifice is called for we will make it, will rarely if ever do so, or if he does it will be for his own sake and not for the sake of others. And he will never know the luxury of being truly loved.

## A Skater's Song.

*For Saturday Night.*

How glorious to pastime with the witching skate
Upon a night while Boreas is quite sedate,
Embosomed on the glinting, dazzling, snow-strewn earth
Which, crackling, sparkles myriad stars—prismatic birth!—
To rival those that stud the vast empyrean vault
All round the mellow moon whence lustres, lacking fault,
Cast mellifluent light, one all-pervading beam,
Aslant the silvy atmosphere upon the stream
Chained down by winter's subtle ley-gyves, now found
A plain as smooth—ostatic skaters' dancing-ground.
Hark! Listen! 'Tend! The fascinating ring chimes forth
Metallic, as the steel steeds clink mail from the north!
Tis trancing music to the flying maids and men
As, two and two, they glide away, then back again
Amain, then cross and re-cross, till a weft of crooks
Is woven on the frozen corridors and nooks
A sage could not unravel did he take ten lives.
And all is done with blissful merriment on knives
Gliesant. The warm and flying feet bear glowing hearts;
Some bathed in bliss, because succumbed to Cupid's darts.

JOHN A. COPLAND.

## Comrades.

*For Saturday Night.*

Was it the light of generous love that drew
Out of my heart a strong desire to know thee?
Something which said that if I learnt of you
Only the best and noblest thou wouldst show me.

Was it the firm and tender look that went
Through my whole being, and said that thou wouldst
guide me?
Surely a higher power that message sent,
Hand joined to hand and now I walk beside thee.

Was it the love as years flew by that grew?
Strengthened yet more by partial absence from thee
In other lands, among a people new
I lived and worked and had thy power upon me.

This is the life! the life alone that grows
Out of such friendship heaven bestowed upon me;
The higher life, that gently onward flows,
Leaving the sordid path. Its power is ever on thee.

This is the life! in holy converse sweet
With the great writers loved so firmly by thee,
We met to linger at the master's feet,
We met to read great Homer's glorious Odyssey.

This is the life! of silent power and strength,
Which only friendship in its highest form can show me;
This brings us to the truest life as length,
When with a stronger love I still shall know thee.

CHARLES F. NEWCOMER.

## My Psalm.

I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hasten the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land
To harvest weed and tare
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff—I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The aire of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to Heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image riven.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That whereever my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## The Happy Housewife's Song.

MONDAY.

The clothes I rub, and rinse out and wring,
And harbor no care or sorrow;
Assured while they hang in the freshening breeze,
That duty's well done for the morrow.

TUESDAY.

The garments pure I sprinkle and fold,
With never a thought of sorrow;
And merrily sing as the iron I swing,
This task is soon done for the morrow.

WEDNESDAY.

As the dough I knead in flaky leaves,
My care I cast behind me;
My hearty darlings they eat and live;
So gladly I toil for the morrow.

THURSDAY.

The needle I ply with whirling wheel,
And banish all care and sorrow,
While strong garments so daily made
To cover my loved ones to-morrow.

FRIDAY.

As the grime and dust I sweep away,
My mind no trouble can borrow,
For deadly disease, which lurks therein,
Is routed to-day, for to-morrow.

SATURDAY.

The nourishing food I mix and stir,
And joyously sing, for no sorrow
Enters my life of labor for love,
Sweet rest cometh sure on the morrow.

SUNDAY.

I go to the Blessed One who knows,
Every form of earthly sorrow;
He giveth me manna for my soul,
Most comfort to-day and to-morrow.
"Enough for the day is the evil thereof:"
This promise a surcease of sorrow;
For guidance and strength each day I pray,
And joy cometh on the glad morrow.

FRANCIS L. FANCHER.

## Between You and Me.

THE spirit moved me last week to indulge in a protest against those horrid men who render life unbearable in our street cars by their habit of expectorating. That I am not alone in my misery under this infliction the following letter will prove. I think the street car company might well take the hint given by my correspondent and earn the gratitude of many a refined woman whom necessity compels to ride in their conveyances, but who suffers from the nuisance I referred to. In these days of influenza and other kindred ills it is really at the risk of one's health that one shares a car with the expectorating biped:

TORONTO, January 11, 1892.

DEAR LADY GAY,—I wish to thank you for your remarks in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT in regard to expectoration in the street cars. I have been made ill many a time by individuals, probably well dressed and in other respects appearing to be gentlemen, who have sat in front of or beside me in a car, and have spit and spit all the way up or down town till I was sick—oh, so sick. I have been driven out of the cars more than once by this nuisance.

How a man who is otherwise well behaved and who is, no doubt, gentlemanly enough to his friends, can make such an exhibition of himself in a street car is more than I can understand.

Thanking you again and hoping that the street car company will put up signs forbidding the offence. Yours sincerely,

A WELL WISHER.

A subject of comment and gush, over the water, is the approaching marriage of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales to his second cousin, Princess May of Teck. The looms of Spitalfields are busier than they have been for over a century weaving silken gowns for bride and bridesmaids. The wedding robe of white satin is in hand betimes there it is to be draped with Honiton, and trimmed with orange blossoms, of course; and the Ladies' Committee of the National Silk Association are giving the beautiful and costly fabric for the train. The eight bridesmaids are to wear white and silver, trimmed with May blossom, and to come out in the full panoply of wreaths and veils, but their dresses are to be made without trains. The going-away costume is already in course of preparation, a white tailor made English cloth, embroidered in gold and trimmed with sable fur. Let us hope for fine weather for the merry bride, that this pretty gown may be seasonable as well as beautiful. A more serious hope comes to my mind, in view of the latest cable despatches, namely, that the husband-elect may battle successfully with the dangerous illness which threatens a sad finale to the bridal preparations.

*

A very pretty arrangement for a luncheon party of sixteen is that of illustrating the four seasons with four small tables, each seating four people. The first, or spring table, is all in delicate shades of green and white. Lilies of the valley and maidenhair fern in clear glass vases stand on the centerpiece wrought with catkins, and pale green ribbons lie along the cloth, from the center half-way to the corners, where they tie round lily of the valley bouquets, the loops and sides of the bow falling with the cloth at the corners nearly to the floor. The summer table is sure to be a rose table, and Dresden china effects of mingled blue and pink are pleasing, though not exactly novel. The autumn table is sure to be yellow, and its flowers chrysanthemums; and the winter table is set with quantities of cut glass. In the tall cut glasses holly berries and snowdrops are intermingled, and the glossy green ivy leaves form a mat around the central candelabra of cut glass with scarlet silk shades.

*

Among many funny ways of turning an honest penny I heard of a very rare one to-day. It is put in motion by a young retired army officer, who does not give the particulars of his retirement from Her Majesty's service. His advertisement runs as follows:

A YOUNG Retired Army Officer wishes to act as Cavalier or Escorte to Ladies requiring escort in theatre, etc. Apply in strictest confidence in first instance to—

And an address follows. How convenient to have such an amiable escort on hand—dutiful, polite, stylish, well dressed—when "hubby" or hopeful was lazy, and theater tickets were going to waste! Can't you see the retired army officer's look of pious horror when he saw the gawky girls and their beefy British mamma, for whose guineas he had sold his attentions, or the wary way he would carry himself when his charge proved to be a designing widow? I didn't know whether to laugh or groan over the officer's enterprise.

*

Another queer advertisement for a stylish Chaperone, in an American city, called forth many answers and terms, to take in and introduce into select circles a lone young lady. One hundred dollars a month was little enough, but six thousand dollars a year seemed rather steep, even for the best Washington society. The offers ranged from the lower to the higher figure and promised everything.

*

I had no time last week to see Mrs. Jeaness-Miller before the printers demanded the copy for this column, therefore I could not describe herself or her lecture. But perhaps it is not too late to tell how instructive and bright the latter was, how deep I feel in love with the former. Divided skirts could have no terrors when worn by such a charming woman, and whether because she discovered a ready made convert to her dress reform, or from some reason too remote to divine I know not, but certainly her manner and speech to Lady Gay were too cordial and lovely to describe. I did not interview her, I could not, but just chatted, listened, laughed and enjoyed her. Perhaps the most undignified interview on record was held that Thursday morning. It was interrupted by a real pure interviewer who brought a scribe in train, and nodded to the scribe when a point was made—and then the scribe scribbled. It was interrupted once more by an earnest little woman who makes the Jeaness-Miller waists here, and who, secure in her sense of right, resented being called an impostor in public even by the sweetest of American ladies. How nicely Mrs. Miller met her, and how willingly she made friends and promised her support and goodwill, and then, how sorry was I, when, in very terror of my neglected work elsewhere, I bade her good-bye. She is coming again, and she promises us some more advanced ideas next time. I am sure many a healthy, sensible, cultured Toronto lady will welcome her as heartily as will LADY GAY.

## Noted People.

Alexander Dumas has the reputation of being extremely orderly, and has even been found in his shirt sleeves dusting his own room and "putting it to rights."

Over two hundred and fifty pieces of silver were presented to the Czar and Czarina at the recent celebration of their silver wedding. It is understood that the Czarina expressed a wish that the gifts might have gone to swell the Famine Fund.

The past year has been a good one for the Queen and Royal Family, and not very many changes have taken place. This year Her Majesty will be seventy-three years old. Only two other Sovereigns of England attained the age of the Queen—viz., King George II., who lived until he was seventy-seven, and George III., who lived out eighty-two birthdays.

Fanny Crosby, who has written more Sunday school hymns than any other ten living writers, has accomplished this extraordinary work in the face of one of the most serious of human afflictions—blindness. For fifty-three years she has been producing song-verses, many of which secured most unusual vogue. Her gift for rhyming showed itself early, and her first piece was composed at the age of eight. She says it has been the motto of her life and the secret of her cheerfulness.

Sarah Bernhardt's father was a Jew, and supported his family by basket-making in a hovel. The actress was born in 1843, and when her father died and left the family in deep poverty, the young girl eloped with a wandering journalist, went to Paris and studied diligently for the stage. Her plain face and awkward figure were greeted with storms of hisses when she made her *debut* on a Parisian stage, but she persevered in studying the art of fascinating a French audience, and the world knows the result.

The Salvation Army is only thirteen years old and owes its origin to a peculiar and trivial circumstance. General Booth, then a humble mission worker in a mining district of Yorkshire, being attracted by the interest of the people in the impending Russo Turkish war, issued a declaration of war of another sort, posted two thousand copies about the town, and so interested the people in his unusual method that a great revival followed, and the general quickly appropriated the idea of a salvation army, with well known success.

*

The Princess of Wales, though no longer young, has borne the confinement of her son's sick-room marvellously well, and neither the close attention to the invalid nor the material anxiety which she actually felt has had more than a passing effect on her health. Our own princess is not only blessed with the appearance of perpetual youth, but she has a splendid constitution, which, aided by regular habits and much out-door exercise, has sustained her at those momentous periods of her life, when she has been most severely tried by the serious indisposition of those near and dear to her.

The Queen's succession.—One thing seems certain about the marriage arranged between Prince Albert Victor of Wales and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck; it was decided upon suddenly in consequence of the severe illness of Prince George of Wales, which called attention to the danger of a failure in the main line of succession to the throne. Prince "Eddie" has never been regarded as the model of an heir presumptive, and there have even been rumors that it was proposed that he should not be permitted to marry, in order that his more manly brother might eventually succeed to the crown. But the illness of the latter has shown that the risk of such a course would be too great, if it were ever contemplated.

Mrs. Power Lalor, a member of Lady Aberdeen's Irish Industries Association, will have charge of the Irish lace department in the Columbian Exposition. Mrs. Lalor was government lace inspector for two years, and thoroughly understands this branch of Irish manufacture. She proposes to send over a bride's trousseau, every article of underclothing to be trimmed with Irish lace, the bridal dress covered with Irish point; a Limerick lace dress and a number of Irish poplin gowns being among the bride's costumes. Some beautiful specimens will also be sent of the lace work done in convents by the nuns, from Celtic designs taken by the sisters from old books and manuscripts.

Count Tolstoi is practising his precepts in Russia. He preached the duty of labor and the sacredness of suffering. It was his fancy to mingle with the peasants and assist in their work. He dressed as they did, and affected the greatest simplicity. Other men and some women have done likewise to gratify a caprice, or a passing theory. It is related that the peasants themselves saw the incongruity of a man of education putting himself upon their level. As knowledge is superior to ignorance, so his duties differed from theirs. They remonstrated with him in vain, and the world looked on at the spectacle, wondering whether he was in earnest or acting a part, a charlatan or a Gautama seeking to save.

The Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, who, through her alliance with Prince "Collar and Cuffs," may some day be Queen of England, is the pretty daughter of a prettier mother; for the Duchess of Teck, as the Princess Mary of Cambridge, was one of the most attractive royal girls in Europe a generation ago. Her beauty and amiability made her the idol of the people, much to the displeasure of Queen Victoria, it is said, whose popularity was not so great then as it is to-day. As the belle of the British royal family, Princess Mary had a troop of titled suitors in her train; but she was content to choose the Duke of "Tick" as he was called because of his impecuniosity. Now she has grown very stout, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, but she is still a fine-looking woman.

## Joining the Four Hundred.

BY WARD MCALLISTER.

SOCIETY includes the whole social world—"the smart set," "the literary set," in fact, all set. In the words of Disraeli, "Personal distinction is the only passport to it." Whether this distinction arises from fortune, family, or talent is immaterial, but certain it is, to enter into the best society a man must have either blood, a million, or genius. If not born "in the purple," let your sons, besides their classical and other literary acquirements, study to make themselves acceptable; attract prominent people's attention by the general air of pleasing; above all, study courtesy and avoid pretension; feel that a gentleman can do anything; always have consideration for the feelings of other people. Teach them to bow well. I never knew a quack or adventurer who could bow well; it requires a dignity which can only result from a consciousness of high breeding or a high moral character. Thus armed and equipped, without the slightest push, the right hand of fellowship will be extended to you, and you will soon secure all that society has to dispose of. Some will carp at all this and tell you she has nothing at her disposition, that she is a myth, an *ignis fatuus* which all pursue, that her pleasures, "like the fruit of the Dead Sea, turn into ashes at the touch." We, *per contra*, find society a charming reality; its pursuit is not only a pleasure, but is both refining and cultivating. Within its walls all that ennobles, enlightens and brightens up the life is to be found—enjoyable emotions, the cultivation of good fellowship and the intellectual in both man and woman, the poetry and music of the world, the refining influence of woman, and the incentive to do good and abhor evil. Sir Joshua Reynolds, after passing through the Vatican, exclaimed, "Where are your Titians, your Raphaels, and your Dominichinos?" "Why, sir, you have seen them all." "Seen them, indeed! Why did you not call my attention to them!" So society's attention must first be called to you before you can walk. It is not well to be too ambitious at first; hence, try for admission into the outer circles before you attempt to identify yourself with the inner circle, from which all other circles spread. I cannot conclude better than by giving you the following from Disraeli as a bright and telling view of what he thought would be human happiness: "I have sometimes in my reveries imagined what I conceived to be a lot of pure happiness. You will perhaps be astonished to hear that I was neither to be nobly born nor to acquire nobility; that I was not to be a literary man nor a warrior, nor indeed any profession, nor a merchant, nor even a professional dandy, neither love in a cottage nor science in a cell; but I would be born in the middling classes of society to no hereditary prejudices or passions; my course in life not carved out by the example of a grandfather. I would, however, wish to become the proprietor of a princely fortune. I should then possess at the same time unbounded wealth, the powers and natural feelings of my mind unoppressed and unshackled. Then would be seen the influence of great wealth directed by a disposition similar to the generality of men, inasmuch as it had been formed like that of the generality of men; consequently, one acquainted with their feelings and their wishes. Such a lot would be princely and insure the respect of the great majority of mankind. Supported by them, what should I care if I were misunderstood and abused by a few knaves and fools?"

The growing tendency of our countrymen and countrywomen as soon as they have acquired fortune is to leave us and seek to make themselves a European home. This is a thing to be deplored. They should remain in their own country and endeavor to improve, develop and enlarge the society of their native land, foster the elegancies of life here, seek their enjoyment at home, and build up for themselves a reputation and name to bequeath to their children. The principle of equality implanted in them as Americans should deter them from going abroad permanently to plead for and strive to gain notice and recognition from those who wield their social power. If they go laden with gold, they will certainly attract a certain amount of attention, and the innumerable sycophants that line the highways and byways in London will soon tell them that if they will exact the part of Lady Bountiful in their English charities they will certainly rapidly advance themselves socially. Following such instruction, they at once eagerly purchase everything that royalty makes, be it a portiere, screen, or bedquilt, for which they are called on to pay triple its value. To succeed in London, they hire a lordly mansion and a retinue of servants, and then begins the arduous task of courting, toadying, and fawning on the English nobility. If clever, they at times succeed beyond their expectations, but, battle as they may, in the end it is palpable to them that they are simply received on sufferance, never gain a real social footing—such a one in which they can feel secure. Absenteeism by the people of wealth of this country would bring great misfortune to our land. We require the charities of our rich people much more than Europeans; they are, literally, a better investment here than any they could make abroad; for here you have an individuality; there you are painfully reminded that it is lost to you. Here you gain the love, respect, and earn the esteem of your countrymen by your good works; there, if very rich, you are pointed out as the rich American who has paved his way with gold by giving, out of his abundance, such and such vast sums for such and such an estimable work "that we English so carefully foster." On their finger ends they soon have a list of your charitable gifts to qualify their accepting you and making of you an exception "to those horrid Americans, who are overrunning England." Gold will unquestionably clear a passage for you quite up to the Prince of Wales, and will maintain you near him as long as you lavishly shower it on his subjects, he witnessing your prodigality; but when you come to analyze your position, you soon find that you are not "there to stay." You are not a part and parcel of them; it is simply your individual, untiring work that has placed you there and that must even continue to keep you there. The same wealth properly used in your own country will carry you and keep you at the front without effort. You can form for yourself your own little circle and make your position a brilliant one, have something real and lasting, and, though our society is smaller, it is to many minds more attractive, equally as brilliant, not so buried up and encumbered with ceremonials, but vastly more enjoyable. You grow with your city and its society; you are hanging on to nobody; on the contrary, others are hanging on to you; you become a recognized social power to be looked up to, in the very front rank—not as in London at the tail end of the kite, hanging on for dear life, in terror of being at any moment dropped off. Satiety is really the motive power that actuates many to expatriate themselves; like Alexander, they "want more worlds to conquer." They have literally done here all they can do; they are on the topmost pinnacle of fashion; there is nothing more to desire here. They see that royalty is still to be reached; they go to Europe to get near enough to it to try and bask in its sunshine. From the hour that royalty smiles on them a new interest in life is given them, new desires, new incentives. As they never can there reach the topmost social pinnacle, they pass their lives in a fruitless attempt to accomplish it. Picture to yourself what this country would be deserted by all her rich men—simply a second Ireland. Why, then, should you decry society here, which is really a part of the life-blood of the nation? The mainspring of ambition! What is man without society? A component part of society is competition to outdo your neighbor, to appear richer or better dressed or richer or more learned than he; in fact, in a certain sense, it is a race, a scramble, but a healthy one. What is man without competition, without ambition, and what would this country become without society? A nation of workers, indifferently dressed, indifferently fed, all intent on money. —*N. Y. World.*

## Sweethearts.

*For Saturday Night.*

I found to-night, my darling,
In the pages of an old, old book—
A dry faded violet
That grew by a rippling brook,
Once, long ago, my darling,
When you and I were young.
Ere the light from your eyes had faded,
Ere your sweet life song was done.

Ah, me! this flower, my darling,
It carries me back again
To the sunlight athwart the meadow,
When never a hint of rain
Clouded our sky, my darling,
When for us life was one sweet love song,
But it ended so soon, so sadly,
And the years have been very long.

So long since then, my darling,
And under the daisies white
Your face has long been hidden,
Though it seems to me to-night
I can hear your voice, my darling,
As I heard it long ago,
Ere they laid you beneath the flowers
Where the evening breezes blow.

MARION LISLE.

## Japanese Oranges.

Many varieties of oranges are found in Japan, the most noted being called Onshin, Hime-Mikan, Koji, Kinkan and Natsu-Mikan. The first in the list is by all odds the best. Its fruit is very small, flat at the ends and practically seedless, this being its greatest peculiarity. It is stated that out of two hundred selected at random only two were found to contain seeds.

The Kinkan, also called the Cumquot, or golden orange, is divided into two varieties—the marumi, or round fruit, and the nagami, or long fruit. Either of these is eaten raw, rind and all, but the majority of the crop is used in making preserves, or is crystallized.

In Japan the propagation of the orange is somewhat different from that pursued in the United States. There are groves, as there, but the trees are planted in irregular patches, and many of them placed in terraces on the hillsides. Then again the planters allow vegetables to grow between the trees, and very often they are planted so close together that the branches interlock each other. As in the case of many other varieties of trees in that part of the world, the orange trees are not trained to grow upright, but on the contrary are crooked and dwarfed. There are other reasons for this, one being that the Japanese prefer the low trees because the fruit can be more easily picked without the aid of ladders, and another that the low branches keep the ground cool and moist, which would not be the case if they were trained and staked up to straighten them.

The young trees are irrigated only in the dry season, the water being distributed by means of buckets, as is also the liquid fertilizer, which is placed about the roots with hand-dippers.

As early as the first of October the green and sour fruit is picked and the whole crop is gathered and packed by December. These oranges are then stored away and kept in such good condition as to be found in the market as late as the end of May. A large number of them are shipped to San Francisco, but in the majority of instances because of being packed in extremely light boxes, they reach that port in very poor condition, and afford Americans but little opportunity of judging of their true flavor.

## Hadn't Missed the News.

The man on the seat ahead of her was reading a newspaper, and after getting settled in the midst of her parcels and bundles and regaling herself with a pinch of Scotch snuff, she leaned forward and said:

"I don't git much time to read the papers nowadays, but I allus like to hear what's goin' on. Is there any news in pertickler?"

"Nothing very exciting," he replied, as he stood her up out of the corner of his eye. "Here's an item about a wife killing her husband."

"Shoo! How'd she do it?"

"With an axe."

"Law me! Wall, she probably stood it and stood it until she couldn't stand it no more. It's awful how some husbands do carry on. Anything else?"

"Here's an item about a woman in this state who drove her husband to suicide by nagging at him."

"Shoo! Jest kept jawin' and complainin' from morain' till night, I suppose, and he finally got so tired that he took pizen!"

"No, he hung himself."

"Wall, I don't blame her a mite. He was probably shiftless and lazy, and it split her temper to see things goin' down hill. She'll have a chance now to git married to a better man."

"And here's a case," he continued as he pretended to read, "of a wife and mother who ran away from home with a tin-peddler, leaving a husband and several children behind."

"Shoo! Does it give the perticklers?"

"It says she is supposed to be a little bit flighty in her head."

"Wall, she ain't a bit flighty. She done jest right. I know purty nigh how it was. She had all her housework to do and them young 'uns to take keer of, and the husband was probably fidin' fault all the time on top o' that. She jest slaved and slaved till she couldn't slave no more. Some folks think a woman can bear everything, but they can't. I 'spose the youngest child was purty small?"

"Only seven months old."

"Wall, she probably hated to leave it, but it would have been weaned in a couple of months anyhow, and the father kin bring it up on a bottle. It'll serve him right if it squalls half the time. Anything else?"

"Why, I notice that a woman has just married her fifth husband and isn't fifty years old yet. Her neighbors are so indignant that they talk of driving her away."

"La! Got her fifth, eh! Wall, if I was that woman the nayburs might talk and blow and be hanged to 'em. I ain't fifty years old, mither, and I'm a-livin' with my fourth and don't keer how soon he goes. I was powerfully deceived in him."

"Do you say that you'd marry again if he should die?"

"Sartin' and I wouldn't wait over six months, either. Some folks think a woman has no rights, but she has, and she's a fool if she don't assert 'em."

"This may interest you," said the man, as he turned the paper over, "A St. Louis doctor declares that the feet of Indiana women are gradually growing larger, and that in the next fifty years to come every one of them will want a No. 7 shoe."

"Shoo! He says that, does he?"

"Yes'em."

"Wall, he hain't told no startlin' news. I've been wearin' No. 7s ever since I was a gal sixteen years old, and I've got the smallest foot of any woman in our town as it is. I did feel kinder sorry when I diskivered that I'd left my spectacles on the kitchen clock-shelf at home, but if that's all the news the papers kin rake up I guess I hain't missed nothing!"—*New York World.*

## A Blessed Privilege.

Officer O'Toole—Let me sell you a ticket to the grand ball of the Sons of St. Patrick.

William Mann—Any special inducement?

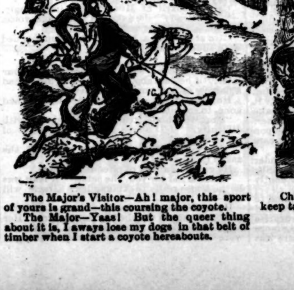
Officer O'Toole.—Yes; you needn't attend if you don't want to.

## Knew It Was There.

Lady—Have you any nice mild cheese?

Mr. Kaiserschnitz (grocer)—Yah, I guess you schmel him before you come in already, eh!

## The Decoy.



The Major's Visitor—Ah! major, this sport of yours is grand—this coursing the coyote.

The Major—Yaas! But the queer thing about it is, I always lose my dogs in that belt of timber when I start a coyote hereabouts.

Chief Four Stomach—W.w! Injun no keep tame coyote for nothing.

## Turning of a New Leaf.

It was a commodius dwelling in the city, more home-like than pretentious. It stood close to a brown church with pillars, in front of which two tall evergreen oaks stood as sentinels. Not grim and silent sentinels, but alert, expansive, cheerful, whispering to each other of the holiday festivities which ruled the hour within the church, the windows of which were all alight.

A man in shaggy overcoat and slouched hat, which pretty well concealed his features was pacing the narrow brick walk which extended between the house and church. He was watching the windows of the dwelling, longing for just one glimpse of graceful forms through the half-parted crimson draperies and listening to the soft, low music issuing from within, with the feeling, one might suppose, of a repentant angel who had strayed outside the gate of Paradise.

It was hard to be outlawed, and it did not ease the pain to know that he had brought the misery upon himself and others. Those garments of shame which he had worn five years seemed to clothe him from head to foot. The gaslight seemed to make bars and stripes upon his overcoat. He fancied the passers-by were watching him down the dim walk in supercilious recognition.

The church door stood open. He might enter there, but the dwelling beside it was closed to him. Yet why should he be always an outcast? If he had sinned, had he not also suffered? What was that word the Master once uttered in a manger, whose spirit was filling the air at this Christmas season with exquisite vibrations? Was it not "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more?"

Half maddened by his thoughts, he walked away from the place. But his former home was a magnet. After the streets were quiet and the church and dwelling still and darkened, he was drawn to haunt the spot again. It seemed that this home-sick hunger would consume him if not satisfied.

There was another less friendly form shadowing the man that night on the silent street. But of this Bruce Proctor was ignorant. He did not know that an outside friendly pressure was upon him to guard his footsteps that night, for was not the air full of Christmas angels of peace and good will directing the ways of mortals?

Bruce ventured round at last to the side piazza near the church and sat down on the steps. To be even this near to them was some comfort. Five long years since he had held Mrs. Gracie in his arms. She had not then been able to lisp "papa," but he remembered her baby fingers creeping over his face and her cooing laugh. She had since been taught that her papa was dead, and already a great wall of separation was set up between them.

There was nothing to hope for from the mother. She was the proud daughter of a high-spirited father, with a stainless record behind her for generations. From the moment of his arrest as a defaulter they had been as strangers. No message had come to him from her during his term of imprisonment, which had been shortened by astonishing circumstances. She shrank from the touch of the hand that had broken prison fare. She put away the thought that this was his expiation and that his night rise on a "stepping-stone of his dead self" to a nobler life in the future. Her own and her child's humiliation filled her vision. She had yet to learn that souls are purified by adversity, as by a furnace flame.

He had hoped against hope that when his term had expired she would send the word, "Come home, and let bygones be bygones." Surely her love would at least prove stronger than her pride. But it had not, and his love had so far mastered his pride that he was creeping around his own home like a thief in the night, because those dear to him were within.

A startling thought came to him and he felt with trembling fingers in his vest pocket. He had a key to this side door! It had been in his pocket at the time of his arrest; it was there still when his own clothes were returned to him with his freedom.

He got up and inserted it in the keyhole. It turned readily. Something seemed urging him to open the door and go in. But wherefore? He had a half defined thought that it would be good to breathe the atmosphere of his own home for a few moments, even stealthily. He turned the knob noiselessly and stood inside. Soon he groped his way to a lounge in shadow and sat down. In a few minutes he could make out the old furniture in the half light. He leaned back in his chair with a sense of weariness. The house was in slumber, unconscious of its new inmate. Carter and his wife were yet, of course, in the characters of serving man and housekeeper. Their room was in the second story. Just above the dining-room was his wife's chamber. But where was Gracie sleeping? There was a dainty little room across the corridor which Agnes had once said should be Gracie's chamber by-and-by. He wondered if she were yet its occupant.

Something of Enoch Arden's thought, "If I could see her face and not be seen," was working in his mind. He felt again in his pocket, and finding matches there, he groped his way to the side chair which he had backed again, and slipped his shoes off. He then made his way to the front hall. The light from the street shined the broad, winding staircase out plainly. It was a foolish haphazard thing to ascend it; the last state would be worse than the first if he should a second time be the famishing man apt to weigh and measure possible results before he snatches a mouthful from the loaf within his grasp!

He reached the head of the stairway noiselessly and stepped along the upper hall, the carpet deadening his footfall. He stopped at the door of his wife's closed chamber, listening, and applied his ear to the opening. He could hear the slow, measured breathing of deep slumber.

A little beyond, on the left, another door was partially open, and a triangle of pale light reached from it into the hall. He waited fully five minutes, and, hearing no movement, he advanced to the door cautiously and looked inside.

He was repaid for the risks he had taken. A night lamp burned dimly under a rosy globe. His child lay on her low bed in one corner breathing softly. Her curls were lying over the face pillow and one dimpled hand still held a picture book which lay open on the rose colored coverlet. Her Christmas gifts were all around. A miniature cradle holding a doll stood close in the corner. A train of cars, with the engine headed for the doorway, was ready to run riot with its boxes of the carpet, while puzzles and picture books abounded.

It was a pretty pink and white nest of a chamber. Its sweet restfulness, in contrast with other scenes he knew, made a sick heart yearning come over him. A lump was in his throat. He wondered how he should control the great sob that threatened to break upon the stillness. He stood as if under a spell. If any one had demanded why this nocturnal intrusion, he could not have spoken.

He moved a step or two forward and started at the first glimpse of his own reflection in the mirror. In his shabby overcoat and compromising hat, hiding his mirthless countenance, he seemed a blot upon the peaceful scene. But beneath it all a father's heart was beating hungrily. Was he not one with his child? It seemed as if he must rush to the bedside, take her in his arms and devour her with kisses. Yet he dared not press even one light kiss upon her cheek lest she should awaken with a scream of terror.

She was smiling in her sleep. Some tender guardianship seemed to be over her. She moved her head from side to side. Evidently she was about to awaken.

Before the father could make up his mind to retreat she opened her big brown eyes and fixed them upon him, not in fright or surprise but with a sweet slow wonder dawning more and more in their depths. He saw there was to be no outcry and stood waiting. She sat up in bed and set her eyes travel all over him, while a wise, curious smile came upon her face.

"You are Santa Claus," she said in a confidential whisper. "I thought I should catch you round some night. Did you come down the chimney?"

He nodded.

"Have you carried Christmas presents to the poor little children?"

Another nod from him.

She sat a moment with her deep, childish eyes searching his wistful ones.

"Please shut the door," she said, "so's not to wakes mamma. Thank you. How surprised she will be when I tell her in the morning. I'm glad you came to-night again. I like all my things, specially my doll, and I'm much bliged to you, Mr. Santa Claus."

"I'm glad you like them," he found voice to stammer.

"Why don't you come here and sit on this chair?" she queried, with an impatient little gesture. "You must be tired going round all night. Mamma says it takes you a month to get through."

He had obeyed her dictate and was seated close to the bed. The nearness almost took his breath away.

"I've made mamma leave the light and I've laid awake every night in case you shou'd come," she said confidentially. "I do believe I woke up in time to hear your coat brush out of the door the night you brought these things. But mamma said you'd come again. I'm so glad I woke and caught you."

"I am glad, too," he said.

"You don't wear very nice hat and coat," she said presently, "but all the boys and girls love you just the same, don't they?"

"I expect so."

"And I love you so much. You don't look a bit funny, though; you look sorry; your eyes are crying instead of laughing. What are you sorry for?"

She patted his cheek with her hand pityingly. Her touch made him tremble with the stress of his emotion.

"I look sorry sometimes," he said, bravely controlling himself. "You mustn't mind. What makes you sorry? Do you that I love you better than any of the boys and girls?

"Why! I am very naughty sometimes," she said thoughtfully. "Are you sure you like me all that much?"

"Yes, sure."

"Would you like to have me live with you?" she prompted.

"Yes."

"But I 'spect I couldn't leave mamma," she said slowly, as if fearful of hurting his feelings. "But I do love you a whole bushel, dear Santa Claus," and with an unexpected movement she sprang from the bed and clasped both her arms tightly about his neck.

Bruce was dizzy with the intoxication of the embrace. He strained her to his heart. He kissed cheek and brow and neck. He was conscious of a wild desire to carry her away with him. The little one looked into his face with serious eyes, but he had not alarmed her. She nestled in his arms contentedly.

"I want you to bring me a nice papa next time," she said presently. "All the other girls have got papas."

Her innocent words were like a stab in his heart.

"I had a papa once," she added, "but he went away when I was a little tot. When I ask mamma about him she sends me off to play. She looks sorry and cries sometimes then I say, 'Will he ever come back?' Oh!" with a fresh caress. "I think I would like you for a papa. But I s'pose the other children could share their Santa Claus."

At this crisis these was the sound of a stealthy footstep outside the door. In a moment it swung open. Carter, carrying with a dark lantern in one hand and a sponge and bottle in the other, glanced at the tableau and shut the door quickly. He had evidently reckoned without his host.

"Who was that?" whispered Gracie.

"No one who will hurt you, dear," he said, as he put her out of his arms gently and got up.

Mebbe he followed you down the chimney," she suggested nobly. She was quite prepared to see a troop of Christmas eives fling in.

"Perhaps," he acquiesced. He went out into the hall. He could see no one. He stood a moment at the door of his wife's dead. Her continued quiet breathing showed she had not been disturbed. The bottle and sponge in the man's other hand had alarmed him. Was intention been to stupefy Gracie and carry her off? What enemies might there not be around his dear ones in the absence of their natural protector? While he hesitated between his fear of raising an alarm and his desire to rid the house of the intruder he heard the sound of a scuffle below stairs, in which chairs seemed to be overturned.

"Dear Santa Claus, what is it?" asked Gracie, who stood, a little white, barefoot figure, in the triangle of lamplight.

Bruce retreated down the stairs as another white figure darted across the passage and gathered the child in her arms.

"Darling! I dreamed that a wicked man was carrying you off," she cried.

"No, no," she added naively. "My good Santa Claus wouldn't low any one to do that. Santa Claus," she called, "where are you?"

"What do you mean, dear?" asked the mother, peering through the hall gloom nervously.

At that moment there was the sound of voices below and then the flash of a pistol. Mrs. Proctor uttered a startled cry and stood holding Gracie in her arms, with a face white as her night robe.

Steps were coming up the stairs and Carter's face appeared.

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am," he said, with superfluous excitement. "I scared one o' them off and I guess the other is 'done for.' I heard somebody monkeyin' round and slipped down just in time."

"Have you hurt my Santa Claus?" demanded Gracie imp riously. "He was here with me and kissed me just now."

Mrs. Proctor and Carter exchanged curious apprehensive glances. The latter retreated down stairs and lighted the gas in the dining room, then stepped back with

## A Hill-Country Idyl.

Kitty M'Kissen looked at her brother and sighed, and the sigh was accompanied by a glance of admiration. Hugh M'Kissen was certainly a fine specimen of young mountain manhood. Tall and muscular, with a lithe and sinewy form, whose graceful proportions even the half-coat, half-sack, called "a hunting-shirt," could not disguise; a frank and pleasant expression, and a voice that, in spite of a rather naval tone when its owner was excited, was full and musical—Hugh was worthy of feminine admiration. He was singularly ignorant of his attractions, and, though bold in peril, facing neither man, bear nor catamount in single fight, was timid in the presence of women, his mother and sister excepted. The owner, subject to his mother's life-right, of a thousand acres of mountain land, of which one-third was rich "bottom," or level land, with horses in stall, cattle in meadow and steers on the hill-range, he was at seven-and twenty a bachelor, while his fellows were heads of families by the time they had come to manhood. He loved his mother and sister, who worshiped him, and he was content.

Kitty M'Kissen was not his sister, however, nor was she his kinswoman. Eighteen years before, John Markham came from the East, and bought a little "bottom patch" of sixty acres, and settled on it with his wife. He built a log cabin, set to work awkwardly to cultivate a few girdled acres, and seemed to accommodate himself to an unusual position. Folk around, naturally suspicious of strangers, thought he must have done something wrong to make him leave home. He brought books, not over a hundred in number, which the neighbors deemed to be a great library. His house was neat, owing to his young wife's taste. The neighbors said: "It's stuck roun' with thing-a-majigs till it's a plom sight!"

Markham worked hard, and so did his wife, and, soon after their coming, Kitty was born. She was christened Catharine Burnett. Three months after her birth her mother died, and Mrs. M'Kissen, who had just lost a child of nearly the same age, offered to nurse Kitty—an offer thankfully accepted. But John Markham caught cold by exposure, it settled upon his lungs, and in less than a year he died, leaving his little possessions to his child. Kitty twelved and soon became known as a M'Kissen, the circuit-rider's baptismal certificate to the contrary notwithstanding. She and Hugh, who was a nine-year old boy when she came, had been brought up together. When she was half-grown, Peter M'Kissen was killed by the fall of a gridled tree, and Kitty became the main-stay of the house, for old Mrs. M'Kissen, who was ten years senior to her husband, had been half paralytic for years, and passed her time in hobbling between her bed, the dinner-table and the fireside, where she comforted herself with her cob-pipe, frequently refilled. As foster-mother, she was the only one Kitty had known, and the love between the two was strong.

Frank and good-natured, as well as athletic, Hugh was a popular young man—his fellows accepting his lead and young women receiving his attentions courteously. But he never threw the handkerchief at any particular female, treating all with a slight deference. They did not come up to the standing of Kitty, who had inherited some of the refinement of her mother; and who, having her father's books over and over again, was credited with a vast amount of learning. That kind of knowledge did not interfere with her being wifely qualities, for she was known to be the best cook and baker as well as the best butter-maker and neatest housekeeper in the county. Hugh measured all other girls by her. Protestant standard. Beside, Hugh was not matrimonially inclined. His home was too comfortable, and he was in no hurry to bring a strange woman there.

But Mrs. M'Kissen thought it high time for him to marry, and spoke to him about it. "What's the need, mother?" he responded. "I'm comfortable, and so are you. Why should I bring a strange girl here—one that kin't used to us and our ways, upsettin' things!"

"You needn't do that neither," said his mother.

But Hugh was too obtuse to take the hint and went out to salt the cattle. But he communed with himself as he went.

"I mighty spark Lucy Campbell," he thought. "She's been east to school, and she's a sort of high flyer, but she's pretty. Old Jim Campbell's well off, and he has only young Jim and Lucy. I dunno. I'll speak to Kitty about it. And there she is at the cows, now."

Kitty was there with her milk pails, and Hugh broached the subject at once. She looked up, blushed a little and then looked down and listened.

"Lucy Campbell!" she cried. "So, Boss! Why don't the critur keep still? Lucy Campbell's a nice girl; a little sharp tempered, but you're not; and she never turns a hand to anything around the house; but you're not looking for a housekeeper. Give down, Boss!"

"Well, there's Nancy Stallins. Nancy's people are not so well off as Lucy Campbell's; but they do say that Nancy is the most industrious girl in the neighb'r'd."

"Yes," said Kitty; "yes, she's a worker. She never leaves up her dirt, though; and she—she chews snuff. You don't like tobacco in that way, do you, Hugh?"

"Well," ejaculated Hugh. "Well, I dunno what to do. Mother, she's at me to marry, and I declare, except the two, I can't think of a girl I'd like to have, unless—well, there ain't one."

"You stupid!" said Kitty, pettishly.

"Eh?"

"The Boss is the most stupid cow I ever saw. Now, Bullface!"

And Kitty stooped with her pail, and began a fresh milking.

"See here," said Hugh: "Did you ever see such an uncertain chap as that St Doss? He's been here four times this week about buyin' a cow, stays several hours at a time, and ain't made up his mind yet. Fears to me he don't know a good thing when he sees it."

"There are a good many young men in the same fix, I allow," said Kitty. "St Doss appears to me not to be one of that kind. He knows what he wants, I fancy."

And then, with her filled pail Kitty moved off to the spring-house.

Hugh stood a minute, salt-bag in hand, forgetful of his cattle, when he saw St Doss riding up, and then dismounting. St tethered his horse to the pendant limb of a beech-tree, and then strode forward. He had the reputation of being the most forward young man in the country; but he had a very embarrassed air now.

"Howdy, Hugh."

"Howdy, St."

"Folks all well?"

"Yes. You'n?"

"Fur'rate, thank y'. Our best brood sow's sort o' limpish. I allow she's been eatin' somethin' afore we brought her outen the woods."

"Likely."

And then the two stood like exhausted receivers. At last Doss broke out:

"I've been allowin' to git married."

"Yes?"

"I'd like you to put in a good word for me."

"Me? Who's the girl?"

"Kitty McKissen."

"Not—our—Kitty?"

"Yes. I'm not quite sure whether she favors me or not. I've been aroun' some, but somehow I ain't got the nerve to speak out. Couldn't you sound her an' find out?"

"Our Kitty! Way, St, she's a little girl. She's too young."

"She's eighteen year old. I hearn Miss McKissen say so. You know, though, I'm tolerable well-to-do, an' don't owe no man a dollar. I love the very ground she walks on."

"Well," said Hugh, after a pause, "we'll see about it. Anything new?"

"There just is. There's a fellow down to the town—a farriner from the East—got up in store clothes an' mighty easy-lookin', an' he a been inquirin' about John Markham's folks. Sez he's a kin to 'em an' s gwine to come and hunt up Kitty."

"No! What's his name?"

"Calvin Burnett. He's a lawyer where he lives."

"Burnett? Must be kin to Kitty's mother. You told him whar she is?"

"Yes; and thar he comes now, on Sol Dingess's dirty bank mar'. Can't ride worth shucks, nuther."

It was a sprucely dressed stranger who rode up, and, leading his mare, came toward them. If it was not necessary to tell the reader he "favored" Kitty, as they say in the hills. The same eyes and forehead, but he had a square chin. He explained his business.

"Come into the house, Mr. Burnett," said Hugh. "Kitty will be back from the spring house, presently."

Doss was anxious to learn everything, but as no one asked him to remain, went off reluctantly. Presently Kitty came in, and the new comer introduced himself as her first cousin, the son of her mother's brother.

"Of course," said Burnett, "I am very glad to know a near relative, especially when she's a pretty girl; but I did not come for that. I am here on business. Do you know anything of your father's history?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, don't 'sir' me, Kitty; we are own cousins. Call me 'Cousin Cal.' Your father ran off with my aunt, being married against grandfather's command. Grandfather disowned her, and was very bitter. But when he died, he left one half of his property to father absolutely, and the other half in trust. The nature of the trust was explained in a sealed paper, not to be opened until after father's death, and to be carried out by his executor. I believe father knew its nature. The trust money increased under my father's prudent management, and that share of the estate amounts to more than what I inherit. It is nearly twice as much. I opened the paper, and the instructions are that I am to pay it over to the heir or heirs of Catherine Markham. I am satisfied, from inquiry, that you are the heir, Kitty, and I am ready to transfer to you, under the proper legal forms, nearly ninety thousand dollars. I congratula'e you, Kitty. You will be able to live at the east, as comfortably as possible, on an income sufficient, I suppose, for a single gentlewoman."

Ninety thousand dollars! The amount dazed Kitty, and struck the M'Kissens dumb. It was a fairy tale, and the young lawyer looked like an enchanter. Hugh was considered rich there, with less than a fifth of the sum; but ninety thousand dollars!

At last Kitty asked:

"Mr. Burnett—Cousin Calvin—must I live there to get this money?"

"No. You can live where you like; but if you want to enjoy life, the east is the place for you. You are your own mistress, or, at least, will be at twenty-one. In the meanwhile, the court here will probably let you name your own guardian and trustee."

"Cousin you, cousin. I am glad to know you; glad to have this unexpected fortune, and would be glad to see a place that I've heard so much of. But the only kin I ever knew, though not of my blood, are dear to me. This is my only home. I may visit the east, but I could not stay there."

The news of Kitty's wonderful inheritance soon spread. Rumor increased it by an additional cipher. It was heard of with a thrill of a week later that the man who had courted young "furrier" was to marry Kitty, and take her away immediately; and Josiah Doss was in the gulf of despair. Hugh knew better, for as Kitty's views went, but he felt a sinking at the heart. Kitty would stay, but with such a fortune in possession she seemed out of his commonplace sphere.

Burnett, while the legal forms were going on, amused himself by studying this cousin, who was so readily him among knowing herself to circumstances and the M'Kissens, especially Hugh. It required no penetration to see that the latter was in love with Kitty, but seemed not to quite realize his own feelings; and that Kitty loved Hugh, and knew it.

"That young man is bright enough in some things, but very stupid in his," said the lawyer to himself. "I'll play the good genius, for the fun of the thing."

In court, at Kitty's instance, appointed Hugh M Kissen her guardian and trustee, to the scandal of the young folk, who thought she should have chosen some older man. Hugh and Burnett had divers conferences, before affairs were over. At one of these the lawyer said:

"What a very pretty girl Cousin Kitty is! Don't you think so, Mr. M'Kissen?"

"Yes."

"She'll make a figure when she gets into society, too. She is one of the rough gems that take to polish kindly."

"I—I."

"Too fast is, I admire her the more the more I know her. I must try and persuade her to leave the mountains."

"Kitty M'Kissen isn't one of that kind," said Hugh. "You heard her say that she would stay here, and she is the one to keep her word."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. M'Kissen," said Burnett. "Her proper name is Catherine Markham, and she is not likely to change it—in this place. No offence, sir; but that name is a good one, and sounds well; but it would sound better if it were changed to Burnett, in my judgment."

And then Burnett walked off, to take a stroll through the hills, leaving Hugh confused and indignant.

"Impudent his impudence!" cried Hugh. "Mrs. Burnett! He's after Kitty's money. Kitty marry him!"

Hugh walked out to cool himself and met Kitty coming from the spring-house; for Kitty was born to love cows and chickens, and her money had not changed her ways. She nodded. Hugh kept at her side, and as she reached the porch he said:

"I—I want to have a talk with you, Kitty."

"All right. Sit down on the porch, then, and I'll listen."

"Kitty—I—the fact is—"

"Yes?"

"The fact is— You don't care for Burnett, do you?"

"Care for him! Of course I do. He brought me good fortune; he's my own cousin, you know, and he's a very nice man, too."

"Are you—going—to marry with him?"

"What a question! I suppose you can ask it as you're my guardian. I don't see how I could; he's not a Mormon, and he has a wife already."

"Oh, Kitty, you know—"

"Well, I don't know, till I know what it is I know."

"Kitty, I love you."

"Of course you do; we were brought up together."

"It's not that, Kitty; but why can't we marry?"

"You never asked me, Hugh."

Hugh asked then with a vengeance. He poured out his feelings in a flood of words. Kitty didn't interrupt him. She liked it. But when he paused for sheer want of breath, she quietly put her hand in his, and said:

"You ought to have known that I loved you, Hugh."

When Burnett came back he divined the state of affairs at once.

"Mr. M'Kissen," he said dryly, "I presume that Miss Markham will have the approval of her guardian in this matter."

Kitty did go to the east, but it was as Kitty M'Kissen, and with her husband. After their return there was a house put up on the M'Kissen place, which was the wonder of the neighborhood, both of itself and furnishings.

"Such doings!" said Nancy Stallins to a gossip. "You know the house—built outer bricks and rocks—a sorter across atwix' a cot-house an' a meetin'-house; an' enough rooms in it for a tavern. But I was inside; an' the wagonloads o' things was put in; the floors are kivered all over. Yes!" continued Nancy, with the bitterest climax, "kivered with kiverlids!"

## A Social Tragedy.

Scene I—Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth street. Madge and Daisy walking towards Delmonico's. An elderly gentleman approaching from opposite direction.

Madge—Why, there's old Stuart Meanboy! Wonder if he is going to Delm'?

Daisy—Don't know; but, any way, just see me get a lunch out of him. (To Mr. Meanboy). Oh, how do you do! I am so delighted to see you!

Mr. Meanboy (shaking hands, and dropping his monocle)—Ah, Miss Daisy, Miss Sady; charmed to meet you.

(All stop in front of Delmonico's)

Mr. M.—Were you going to lunch here?

Madge—We did think of it, but—

Daisy—Yes, we had thought of it, but—er—

Mr. M.—Oh, do come in with me, and let me show you what a good lunch I can order for you.

Daisy (casting a triumphant glance at Madge)—We hardly like to—er—

Mr. M. (interrupting)—No trouble at all, my dear young lady—no trouble at all, I assure you.

Scene II—Madge and Daisy, murmuring thanks, follow him into the restaurant, and seat themselves at table.

Mr. M.—Waiter, bring me a bill of fare. Now what will you have first—bouillon?

Daisy (nudging Madge)—Don't you think oysters are good things to start with?

Mr. M.—Capital! Then bouillon and croquettes.

Daisy (beaming)—That is a splendid beginning. What afterwards?

Mr. M.—Miss Sady must choose next.

Madge (with a coquettish smile, after searching for an expensive dish)—Shall it be squab and Terrapin?

Mr. M.—Immense! Nothing more appetizing. You are an epicure, Miss Madge.

(Madge simpers, looks very happy, and kicks Daisy under the table. Daisy returns the kick.)

Daisy—It is your turn, Mr. Meanboy.

Mr. M.—How kind of you to rely upon my judgment; but really, Miss Daisy, you must suit yourself.

Daisy (to Madge)—Is there anything else you would like?

Madge—No. I must insist upon Mr. Meanboy choosing a dish. I should feel so badly if he did not.

Mr. M.—Then let us make it a *terrine de foie gras* and salad, and finish up with ices and coffee.

Both Girls (in unison)—Oh, Mr. Meanboy, you are too thoughtful!

(Mr. M. beams upon them, and suggests champagne as a drink.)

Madge—Oh, how nice! We never thought of that.

(Mr. M. orders champagne and rises.)

Mr. M.—Well, I congratulate myself upon having ordered so good a lunch that you could get anywhere. I'm afraid I shall have to leave you now, as I have an engagement to lunch with a fellow at the club at two o'clock. (Exit Mr. M.)

Daisy (faintly)—How much money have you, Madge?

Madge (dumping contents of her purse on the table, announces, in an agitated undertone)—One dollar and seventy cents. How much have you?

Daisy (hopelessly)—One dollar and ninety.

(They simultaneously seize a menu and commence adding up the cost of their lunch. At the end of five minutes they gase dumbly at each other—the total is ten dollars and thirty-five cents.—Tableau—Sense.

—*M. R. McVickar in Harper's.*

## To the Point.

We say our remedy is a permanent cure and then prove it thus: "Toronto, Ont., April 17, 1887. I would state that St. Jacobs Oil cured me effectually of rheumatism, with which I suffered in 1880. I have never had any return since of the pain which I endured for months previous. It affords me great pleasure to say I have recommended it to a number of friends. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on its healing qualities. J. Abrahams, passenger agent, 51 York street." A seven year's test.

## Catching a Husband.

In an article, headed What Kind of Women do Men Prefer for Wives? the London *Spectator* recently took the ground that men prefer, as wives, plain and clever girls to pretty simpletons. "The girl should be well educated," says the *Spectator*, "for then you will get a husband, whether you are pretty or the reverse." Mr. Labouchere, in London *Truth*, takes issue with the *Spectator*, as follows: "If I were a girl on the look-out for a husband, I should play the game by adroitly flattering my contemplated victim; listening, with rapt attention when he spoke, and generally seeking to create the impression on him that I thought him, in wisdom and in charm, next to the angels. At the same time, I should endeavor, indirectly, to bring home the fact that in me he would find a person with a heavenly temper, brimming over with domestic affection. I should take care to be becomingly dressed, but my 'gut' would look as if it cost nothing. I should eschew slang and manly games, and should be severely proper in my general behavior. My likes and dislikes would be those of my relatives. In the present day, a man rarely deliberately contemplates marriage. He likes toying with the hook, but he does not intend to swallow it. The fly has, therefore, to be very adroitly thrown to catch him. The mistake girls make is not to distinguish between flirting and fishing. One bears a great deal more about her vanity of women. Men are just as vain, and it is by keeping this fact well in mind that a girl gets a husband."


### For Constipation

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Dr. J. R. Fortson, Kiowa, Ind. Ter., says: "I have tried it for constipation, with success, and think it worthy a thorough trial by the profession."


## Uncle Jake Talks Back.

"Men that stays home don't add much to their knowledge. It only de traveler dat f'arns an how crate ketch cold in damp countries.

"Do good Lawd, he makes recompense. Po' pussy cat, she got no hand, but she fine it jest as easy to wash her face wid her foots, all de same.

"Black hen needn't git jealous. She kin lay white egg when she want to.

"My bun' dog's got fo' legs; but I kin go as many ways at once as he kin.

"An' don't you forgit it! A hen will hatch duck aign, but a whole aswy can't make dat hen to take de young ducks in swimmin'."


Habitual constipation, the most inveterate case is easily cured by Dr. Sey's Remedy, taken in doses in proportion to the severity and nature of the case.


## During the Water Famine.

Fifth avenue Nurse—The children want to know, ma'am, if they can wash their faces.

Fifth avenue Matron—Certainly not, Marie. This is Fido's day for a bath.


A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.


## How He Gauged It.

"Did you have a good dinner, Jimmy?"

"You bet; I did! I had to take four kinds of medicine after it.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, essays or poetical cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

Andrew.—Glad to hear you are back, my friend. How was it that you forgot your coupon. *Au revoir!*

Lissner and Pressnoff.—Your letter to Goldwin Smith, Sweet Home are nicely written, but are directly contrary to my rules, therefore I must decline studying them.

Rae.—A little more self-reliance, more generosity and ambition, impulse and ideals always elevated, some self-control, energy and superabundant vitality are shown in your writing. You would never die of fretting nor worry care very far on your back. 2 I have not yet visited the summer resort you mention, but intend doing so next summer.

Molly May.—Imagination, ease of manner, good temper and a generally even and sensible nature shown in this writing. The writer is a little careless, a little lazy, a little given to hasty writing, fond of the outward signs of beauty and talent, constancy and truthfulness in word and deed. She has some day dreams and ambitions, but they are yet undeveloped.

Clarver.—1. Thanks for reasonable wishes. 2. Your writing shows a temper neither too hopeful nor unduly discouraging, but shows a good share of sense and humanity. You should be a favorite in society for you have several social gifts. You have also a little temper and a good mother wit, with some imagination, small tact, but abundant energy.

Mears 2.—This writing is inartistic, but strong and reliable, some ideality, self reliance and independence of thought are shown. The writer is honest, and courageous, but some power of self-control would make her opinions, she is rather methodical and conservative but possesses a good deal of the lighter and more winning attributes—a woman to be trusted.

Kit.—I have already studied this writing, but fail to find it the best number, cheer of the paper, so must do it again. Plentiful energy, determination, and a desire for fame are shown. Writer is not artistic, rather given to mannerism, is proud and anxious to excel, careful and considerate, not rather preserving, a little given to self esteem, fond of stating her convictions, fearless and independent in thought and action.

Gyda.—This writing shows good judgment, some refinement, conservatism, order, care for details and tenacity. Writer does not express herself easily, is practical, sensible and a little impatient with mere visionary folk, whom she neither understands nor appreciates. Has sense of duty, self-respect and a certain brightness of perception make people think would raise any character above the commonplace. The writer would never make a successful schemer or diplomatist.

Interested Reader.—This writing shows an original mind, great tenacity of purpose, lack of jealousy, ambition and certain care for appearance which combine a serious manner and method. I think writer is really sensitive while feigning indifference. The lack in the writing is snap, decision and settled convictions. Writer should be fastidious, so some of her work is fine, but she has not quite sympathy and hearty devotion to a principle which develops, or rather brings out the best in other things and in fond of her own way, even though it may be unwise. This is my "opinion straight," as requested. I am interested in the study, though I am afraid I should fall out often with the writer on various vital points.

Tovey Sens.—Your question was answered some time past, but I gladly give and sensible nature shown in this you requested. If I did, you are welcome to a second trial. 1. You are ambitious, determined, fond of your relatives and a little selfishness. This last is rather a dislike to any kind of interference with your plans and a tendency to morbid self-contemplation that may sort of worry. You are naturally amiable and honest, fond of creature comforts, generous and fond of your friends and family. Sympathy and quickness of perception are lacking, but a straightforward if somewhat blunt method is to be admired. You are fond of your home and family, and, if you are up, Topsy, things are not so "brack" as you imagine them to be!

Pendergrass.—Very kind of you to forbear inflicting particulars of your age, height or predilections on me. My three specimens of your handwriting show very little characteristic I could gather therefrom would not be appreciated in a delineation. Your letter only gives me three specimens of your handwriting, quite a sample. Your letter shows self-will, persevering effort, love of justice, some wit, reasonable amount of self-esteem, considerable carelessness, caution and a disposition to save yourself trouble rather than at the expense of others. Tact and sympathy are wanting and also artistic perception. Your time it is a hand which contains no weakness or indecision. Very good writing, but bad, is a very real conviction and conscientiously acted on.

Nash.—1. It all depends on the kind of story. I don't see the slight sympathy that would be needed to write such a story of the world and its ways, nor the imagination and poetic fancy and sympathy that would be needed to be discouraged by this. No one is safe in deciding such a question till they have read a story by the aspirant. 2 If the manuscript is neatly and carefully written, it is not never paid for. 3. Your writing shows excellent common sense, in effort, some originality, sense of right, but great self-will almost obstinacy. You are brave, honest, modest and have good self-respect, have discretion and ability to succeed. Your letter is well educated, respectful to the editor, and he will look over it and if it seems to promise interest to our readers, will probably accept it.

Burnham.—Your letter was left by a gentleman on the street. It is not considered good form to introduce people there. If you know a person it may be a matter of necessity, and in the case you mention, if you think it necessary, it makes no difference who introduces their friend to you. I don't really see why the two ladies of the company you should be introduced to each other. Your letter shows a busy man's time waiting, but it seems to have been mislaid. Your writing shows strength of purpose, good energy, care, some originality. I think you are fond of your friends, have a little spit in impulse if things don't move quickly. Also you have a temper, your writing is strong and decided, and you are discreet and reticent, rather blunt in your speech, but not unsympathetic, though capable of warm affection.

Entwistle.—1. The Conservatory and the Toronto College of Music are both good—either can be heartily recommended. The former would perhaps be best for your purpose. 2. Glad you enjoyed the articles. You should send here to Rowell & Hutchinson, King street east, for a book describing a trip to Europe by Grace E. Denison, price $1.25. I think you will find it very good when you get it. 3. Your writing shows some love of beauty, good taste and considerable perception. You are sociable, refined and no doubt popular, as your temper and manner are good. You are fond of day dreams, rather idealistic and very truthful and confiding (sometimes unwise in the choice of friends). Your energy is good and care for details and your conscientiousness makes pluck, hope and buoyancy as well as ambition and mirth are wanting. Don't you take life rather seriously?


### One Good Thing.

Hungry Hyslop—Can't you help me a bit, Boss? I hain't had nothin' to be thankful for to day.

Mr. Delmonico Savarin (who has dined too well)—Be thankful that you haven't an indigestion!



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is she who pays the most assiduous attention to the care of the skin.

Indeed she goes to great lengths in the study of this subject. She never rubs her face in drying it. She never exposes it to the cold without protection. She uses only such preparations as are of standard purity and excellence.

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## Music.

HE Gruenfeld concert attracted a large audience on the evening of the 7th, and those who attended seemed extremely well pleased with the matters presented for their acceptance by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, to whose enterprise the public is indebted for this treat. The fine Knabe piano on which Mr. Alfred Gruenfeld played, enabled him to produce many of the effects for which he is noted. Those who found fault with my estimate of M. de Pachmann will no doubt expect that I should go into raptures over what a friend of mine irreverently called "a German piano-pounder." To such I would say that it does not by any means follow that if one extreme is unappreciated, the other must be embraced with open arms. Alfred Gruenfeld is a pianist who may be said to play for the delectation of the impressionists. His strong tonal contrasts, his generous use of the *tempo rubato*, and his generally free use of *ad captandum* devices make him a most pleasant player to listen to, while he can hardly be said to offer such pure models of classic piano playing as were presented by Albert Friedheim and Vladimir de Pachmann, who might be very properly called antitheses in style and feeling. Gruenfeld has the technical and—may I say it?—muscular power as well as reserve that enables him to prevent great contrasts of time and power. In addition to this he has the gift of suggesting in his renditions of transcripts of operatic numbers the orchestral effects combined in the originals. Altogether he is a player who pleases and amuses his audience, without making any severe demands upon their mental attention. His brother, Heinrich, is a 'cellist of a similar temperament, and of equal power of adaptability to the passions w'ch may be for the moment raging in him. He has a splendid rich tone, and almost unlimited executive facility, and unquestionably made himself a favorite with the audience. A most agreeable variety in the programme was offered by the charming singing of Mrs. Caldwell, whose charm never seems to grow less.

On Saturday last Mr. W. E. Fairclough, organist of All Saints' church, gave an organ recital in that edifice, which was largely attended. The public interest in there, the only regularly established series of organ recitals in the city, grows with each performance, and Mr. Fairclough is to be congratulated upon the appreciation accorded to his efforts. He played Mendelssohn's first sonata in F minor, Haydn's Air with variations from the Symphony in D, Pearce's Symphonic Poem for the organ entitled, Corde Natus ex Parentis, Bach's Passacaglia, Salome's Cantilene, Wely's Andante in F, Guilmant's first Offertory on Christmas Themes and the Gounod March Cortege from La Reine de Saba. He was assisted by Mr. J. Edmund Jaques, musical instructor at the Institute for the Blind at Brantford, who gave an excellent rendition of O, God, Have Mercy, from Mendelssohn's St. Paul.

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz will give his third and last concert of the present series on Tuesday evening February 2, in the Public Hall of the Education Department, when the programme will be one of selections from miscellaneous composers.

I have received from Messrs. Suckling & Sons two dance novelties which look like future popularity. The first is the Happy Steps Polka, by K. T. Fuller of Hamilton, and promises to be a great favorite, as the movements are very pretty and catchy. The Students' Dance, by Arthur Percival, is a characteristic piece introducing favorite college airs.

I have also received from Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer four of Mr. Frederic Boscovitz's latest compositions. Tyroler's Abendlied, a sentimental, tender composition with a charming little movement; Rosee du Matin, a bright, capricious and interesting waltz, requiring style and dash from the performer; Gondoline Barcarolle, a Venetian subject charmingly treated in its sentiment and tender feeling; and Danse Bretonne, a characteristic and elegant composition.

The amateur organizations which are to come before the public in February are hard at work getting their houses in order for the performances. The Lacrosse Club minstrels number some eighty excellent singers, who are making satisfactory progress under Mr. E. W. Schuch's care and who announce a new and unique programme for February 5 and 6. The Harmony Club, under the same conductor, is now holding two rehearsals a week in order to place The Beggar-Student before the public on February 12 and 13 in a style worthy of their great success in Iolanthe last year. The University Glee Club has recommenced its rehearsals, also under Mr. Schuch, for a grand concert on February 19, when the chief attraction will be Miss Mary Howe, the celebrated beauty singer.

Messrs. Suckling & Sons announce Ignace Paderewski in one grand concert on February 12, when this pianist, who is to day the most interesting personage in his sphere, will make his only appearance in Toronto. The choice of date is an unfortunate one, as it will clash with the opening performance of the Beggar Student, but those who attend the Paderewski concert can enjoy Millocker's charming opera on the 13th as well.

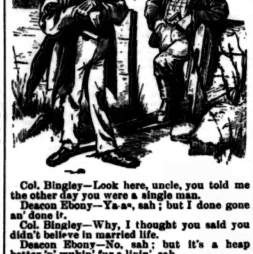
That fell destroyer of voices, La Grippe, has again assailed us, and the church choirs are suffering. I know of one with a roll of forty-seven, which now numbers only twenty-one effective members, and other choirs are suffering in similar proportions. I had a letter this week from a prominent surgeon in the United States navy, a man who is a noted advocate of moderation in the use of stimulants, in which he says that in cases of diphtheria the patient should, irrespective of age, be kept "as full of alcoholic stimulants as he can hold." In the case of grippe he recommends hot rum if taken when the lassitude and aches first appear and before fever sets in. This remedy is a congenial ode to many choice spirits and I hope that its publication will not lead to the acquisition of La Grippe by those of our young men who are always in search of the latest novelties.

METRONOME.

### One Kind of Courtship

A New York wedding has its origin in a little episode which, in a book, would probably be put down as improbable. About a year ago, the coming bride, who is a New York girl, chanced to notice among the hotel arrivals the name of a Cleveland friend, as she supposed—a gentleman who had been very polite to her on the occasion of a visit of the previous twelvemonth in that city. She called her mother's attention to his presence in New York, and, there being no father or brother in the family to wait upon him, the cards of the two ladies were inclosed as permission to call. Shortly afterward, the young man presented himself. The daughter was out, but the mother, recognizing the name, received him with great cordiality and insisted that he remain for dinner to meet the daughter, who would "be so sorry to miss you." Now, the young man had been considerably puzzled by the cards, the names upon which he did not recognize. But as he traveled about a good deal, and had a large circle of casual acquaintances, he concluded these ladies were some of them, and as the initials on the envelope were correct, as well as the name, he reasoned there could be no blunder. When he saw the mother, he knew at once it was their long meeting, but her manner was so unmistakably cordial and reassuring that he did not declare himself, trusting a sight of the daughter would at once disclose the identity of both ladies. The daughter delayed, and dinner was begun before she appeared. Her entrance showed the man instantly that there was a mistake somewhere—explanations followed, and the "double" had made so favorable an impression upon the mother that, even after the learned of the blunder, he was not permitted to withdraw. It was shortly discovered that they had some mutual friends, after which the young man felt considerably better, and out of this chance acquaintance, as has been said, grew a courtship which ends, most properly, next month in a wedding.

### The Bright Side of It.



Col. Bingley—Look here, uncle, you told me the other day you were a single man.

Deacon Ebony—Ya-as, sah; but I done gone an' done it.

Col. Bingley—Why, I thought you said you didn't believe in married life.

Deacon Ebony—No, sah; but it's a heap better 'n' wukin' fur a livin', sah.

### He Wasn't Fixed.

Our trunks had been burned with the car, and when we got to Cincinnati an official of the railroad company desired each one of us to give him our statement of loss. A tall and solemn-looking young man came to me as I was figuring away and wanted to know what sum I was going to name.

"Well, I think my loss is about sixty dollars," I replied. "Was your trunk burned, too?"

"Yes."

"Got your loss figured up?"

"Not yet; and I wanted to ask you about it. Can I talk to you in confidence?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I don't suppose my things were actually worth over twelve dollars, but——"

"But you'd like to get fifty dollars?"

"That's it, exactly. The railroad folks seem willing to pay what'ever is asked."

"Well, then, why not make it $50?"

"Wouldn't it be cheating?"

"That's a matter you must settle with your own conscience."

"Yes, I know it is, and gaul darn my buttons if I don't hope that somebody will kick me all over the town."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter! Why, instead of being ready to scoop this railroad out of $40 or $50, I've got to take $10 or $12! I've been studying to be a preacher for the last six months, and blast my old hat if I dast to tell 'em a lie! That's allus the way of it. I'm never fixed to hit anything good which comes along!"

### An Incident.

Sexton (watching the old year out)—I beg your pardon, sir, but the services are over.

Sleeper—I you'll build it this mornin', Maria, I won't ask you again all winter.

### His Standard.

Philanthropist—Take whichever you like—the drum or the whistle.

Small Boy—Which makes the most noise?

### She Was Ready.

Mother (to five-year-old child)—Ethel, stop punching holes in that screen. All the flies will come in!

Ethel (still at work on the screen)—Well, can't they go out again?

### His Knowledge Was Complete.

Irate Father—I'll teach you to lie and steal, you rascal, you!

Wayward Son (from the midst of the scrimmage)—Don't trouble—ouch!—yourself, father. I know how already!

### A Friendly Critic.

Miss Ashcat (of the Art Students' League)—Do you know I am often oppressed by the thought, "Art is long and Time is fleeting."

Mr. Scumb'e—True—true—and your time is so much more valuable than your art.

### The Cartoon Condemned.

*Puck* and *Judge*, the two great comic weeklies, will be dropped from the list of periodicals at the Boston Public Library. This action seems ill-considered and creates an impression that in its measurement of educational agencies, the modern Athens is sadly handicapped by provincialism.

The action taken is based upon an assumption that the papers named serve no educational purpose. But caricature, humor and satire have long been classed as among the most powerful weapons in the whole armory of education, reform and political controversy. Ridicule, properly directed, has a resistless power. It is the surest weapon for the demolition of sham, pretention, falsehood and foolishness. It can best work the overthrow of extravagance and impertinence. An ingeniously conceived caricature can cover a whole situation, expose its weaknesses, point a telling moral, enlighten the public understanding, quicken the public conscience, and at the same time tickle the risibles so that the observer may glean a great lesson from a source that was sought with the single purpose of enjoying a laugh.

Caricatures, for more than two centuries, have been utilized and accepted as public educators. They were never so powerful as to day. Some of the brightest intellects in the land are employed in their conception and production. They frequently drive a truth home with a force which mere words cannot impart. To prohibit the public enjoyment of such publications as *Judge* and *Puck* because they are "only comic," is a sad commentary upon the discernment of the American seat of culture for what goes to make up education in a broad and liberal sense. Few papers, in the same period of existence, have done more in an educational way than has *Puck*. The library authorities had better reconsider.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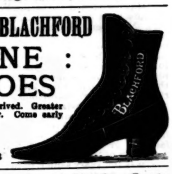

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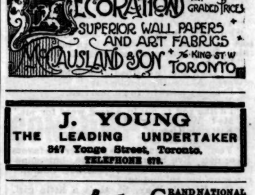


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## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

large circle of his friends, discoursed charmingly on Pictures and How to View Them, at the Art Gallery last Thursday evening. His lecture was much appreciated by a refined and intelligent audience, and could not but prove an aid to every earnest and sincere admirer of the beautiful.

A very pleasant gathering assembled a short time since at the residence of Mr. Stitt on Maitland street. The evening was most enjoyably spent in dancing and games, and the usual seasonable good wishes were heartily exchanged between the genial host and his well pleased guests, among whom Mr. Stitt's kindness and hospitality are known of old.

For some days Toronto rinks have rung with the shouts of enthusiastic knights of the broom. Whatever is the fascination of sweeping ice and slinging "stanes," and shouting unintelligibly, as the rinks make or lose, these people who take delight therein do seem to have a good time. And it sweeps the cobwebs out of one's brains to hear their hearty voices, and warms the cockles of one's heart to see how much in earnest they are over their games.

A number of society people are in retirement owing to the lamented decease of Mr. Joseph Cawthra of Rosedale.

A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday at Deerslie, Jarvis street, when Rev. G. M. Milligan married Mr. James Arthur Cochrane of Hillhurst to Miss Eva Morris, daughter of the late Hon. Alexander Morris. The bride wore a very handsome gown of white duchesse satin and lace. Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane have gone to New York for the honeymoon.

The health of the Lieutenant-Governor is much improved, and it is hoped the change for the better will continue.

The annual public meeting of the Girls' Home will be held at the Home at four o'clock next Friday afternoon. Friends of this worthy charity will no doubt gather in large numbers, as the spacious additions to the Home will be open to their inspection, and an interesting meeting is expected. The retiring secretary, Miss Hettie Hamilton, whose beautiful devotion and perfect work are beyond all praise, will read her report for the last time. Her resignation has caused universal regret among the members of the Board, who thoroughly appreciate her unusual fitness for her responsible position.

Mrs. F. W. Mossop gave a children's party last evening at her residence, 160 Jarvis street. Miss Edna and Adele Mossop treated their little friends in a right royal manner. Among those present were noticed: Misses Mabel and Ada Hewitt, Cecil Day, Edna and Eva Jackson, Holderness, McDougall, and Masters Fulton and Rogers.

Miss Agnes Halton of Wellesley street is visiting Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne of Brantford.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at Lindum, Orde street, Friday evening last, when Miss Ellis entertained a large number of her friends. She was ably assisted in the duties of the evening by Miss Harding of Beckenham, Eng., and Miss Wagner of Detroit, who are visiting her.

Mrs. Warwick of Bloor street has issued cards for a dance on January 19, in honor of her guests, Mrs. G. R. Shambroke and Mrs. James McPherson of Hamilton.

Miss Mabel Walker gave a very enjoyable reception to some of her young friends, on the evening of Monday last. Among those present were Miss Logan, Miss Harrison, Miss Hunter, Miss West, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Chalk, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Little, Mr. Ed. and Mr. Sid. Walker. Various pastimes were indulged in and the company separated after spending a very pleasant and sociable time.

The following *litterateurs* will read selections from their own works at the Canadian Literature Evening, to be held in the Art Gallery of the Academy of Music, to night, under the auspices of the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto: Mrs. Harrison of Toronto (Seranus), Miss Agnes Maule Machar of Kingston (Fidelis), Miss Louisa Murray of Stamford, Miss E. Pauline Johnson of Brantford, Miss Helen M. Merrils of Picton, Mr. William Wilfred Campbell of Ottawa, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott of Ottawa, Mr. W. D. Lighthall of Montreal and Mr. Hereward K. Cockin of Toronto. The musical part of the programme will be rendered by Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, and Mr. W. H. Hewlett. Interesting letters will also be read from Louis Frechette, the French-Canadian Poet-Laureate; Dr. Geo. Stewart of Quebec, Mr. John Reade of Montreal and others.

The At Home of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society to be held next Friday, the 22nd inst. at 8.30 p. m., under the patronage of the Treasurer and Benchers of the Law Society of Upper Canada, with the following patronesses; Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. W. R. Meredith, Mrs. Æmilius Irving, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. B. B. Osler, Mrs. Z. A. Lash, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mrs. G. F. Shepley, Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. G. H. Watson and Mrs. W. F. Riddell, promises to be one of the most brilliant entertainments ever held within the walls of a public building in this city. Osgoode Hall, with its magnificent library, court rooms, halls and Mosaic floors, was proved last year to be without a peer for accommodating and entertaining an unlimited number of the friends of Terpsichore, but the erection of the new law school, with three large and pleasant rooms for dancing to be added to the library and Convocation Hall, will afford the guests added opportunity of enjoyment. The various committees have their respective duties well under way and everything augurs success.

On Wednesday, December 30, at Grace church, by Rev. Prof. Clark, LL.D., assisted by Rev. W. N. Edwardes, Rev. C. C. Kemp, M.A., B.D., assistant rector, was married to Miss Lydia Maude Hirschberg, second daughter of Mr. M. H. Hirschberg of Vancouver, B. C. The church was crowded to the doors. The bride wore white china silk with orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white roses. She was led to the altar by her brother, Mr. Wm. Hirschberg of Montreal, and was attended by the Misses Hirschberg as bridesmaids. They wore gowns of pink. Rev. Mr. Reid, curate of St. Lukes, was the best man. The wedding breakfast was held at the residence of the bride's mother, 13 Grenville street. Among the presents were, a purse of $150 from Grace Church, a check for $100 from the bride's father, and a check for $300 from the bride's aunt, Miss Bickford of Grange, N. J.

Mrs. Wilburn Harris will be At Home to her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday, January 19 and 20, 78 Davenport road, Toronto Junction.

Mrs. Stephen Heward gave a charming tea on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Bright of Philadelphia is visiting Mrs. Janes.

Mrs. Edward Blake gave a reception on Thursday for the newly ordained Bishop of MacKenzie River.

Mrs. Crawford's dance, which was arranged for Thursday last, has been postponed on account of illness, until further notice.

Mrs. Osler of 35 Avenue road gives a dance next Wednesday evening.

A pleasant *musicale* was given by the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association on Wednesday evening at their hall, McCaul street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Patterson, jr., are now settled in their new residence, 167 Jameson avenue, South Parkdale.

Miss Mabel Metcalfe of Dartmouth, Devonshire, England, is visiting Mrs. James Crowther.

The singing of Master Eddie Reburn, at St. Stephen's church, has caused exceptional comment among all who heard him. The little fellow possesses a pure soprano voice of rare compass and sweetness, and the artistic finish with which he uses it speaks well for Miss Norma Reynolds, his teacher.

I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Rose Coghlan on Thursday and passing a short time in her society. As unlike the typical actress as can be imagined, with a decisive voice and gesture, a hearty laugh and a smile of great sweetness and good humor is this ornament to the American stage. She was turning over some of Stitt's richest fabrics in search of suitable garb for her graceful self, and it would have taken away the breath of a dilly-dally fashionable, to hear her quick decisions, her sudden orders, and at the end the wave of her hand and the concise order: "Make me a beautiful street dress to wear in New York in the spring, I will leave all the rest to your own taste." And she did, for that was the last word the dressmaker heard about it, and I could well understand the smile of conscious pleasure which overspread her countenance at this tribute to her excellent judgment. Ladies who see Miss Coghlan on Saturday in some of those briefly ordered gowns, will be able to say whether her confidence is justified.

### The Late Cardinal Manning.

The death on Thursday of this great ecclesiastic removes a wide influence from the religious field of the world. An eloquent leader of the Tractarian party at Oxford, he seceded from the Church of England in 1851, shortly after the Gorham decision regarding baptism. He received the Cardinal's hat in 1875. Ever since he joined the Roman church he has been incessant in his appeals to his fellow-countrymen to return to the bosom of the early church. He was over eighty four years old at the time of his death.


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Friday, the 15th Day of January Next

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## Art and Artists.

Y remarks of last week, anent Mr. O'Brien's resignation, put a whole generation of fleas into the ears of Toronto artists, and I have found that I last week touched a match to a great train of gunpowder. The state of things which had been previously a subject casually discussed has, during the past week, become one of engrossing interest in art circles, and I find that my points have, almost unanimously, been considered as well taken. Artists are fully awakened, and it is probable that a first class spring exhibition will result.

On Thursday afternoon, at the Toronto Club, a magnificent reproduction in bronze of Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's bust of A. Thornton Todd, president of that institution, was unveiled.

Mr. L. R O'Brien's resignation was accepted by the O. S. A. on Tuesday last after much discussion, not altogether pertinent.

On Thursday night a large number of Toronto's best people attended Mr. J. W. L. Forster's lecture on Pictures and How to View Them. I will be able to give a summary of the lecture next week.

I am asked to insert the following notice and invitation in my column: "The forthcoming exhibition of sketches and studies, to be held in the gallery of the O. S. A. on King street west, is a new departure for the society, and will be the best means that could be taken to give opportunity to students, as well as artists, to exhibit their studies of still life and sketches of landscapes and figures, which, although often very clever and worthy of respect, have lately too much crowded the society's annual exhibition. We may expect too that the art-loving public will be glad to have a glimpse behind the scenes and learn something about how pictures look in their incipient stages, while many of us have learnt to appreciate the charms of the rough sketch, which is sometimes, nay often, more suggestive than the finished production. Besides, the original sketches and studies of an artist are a much surer test of his ability and originality than the more elaborate and finished work seen on the exhibition walls with which, for aught we know, the photographic lens may have had as much to do as the pencil. We have reason to be proud of Canadian art which holds its own well in foreign exhibitions, better than many who do not see the New York, Paris and London catalogues would easily believe, and exhibitions like the one proposed are the best evidence of its genuineness. The artists will no doubt find their confidence in the Toronto public well placed when the exhibition opens on January 23." CHAD.

### Out of Town.

MONTREAL.

The most recent important social event was the Hunt Club ball, which was held at the Kennels on Thursday evening of last week. It was a brilliant affair, and the guests numbered 112. The ball room, entrances and corridors were beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion, and all the appointments were very elaborate. The guests were received by Mrs. Alexander Allan of Brockville, Miss Edith Allan and Mr. H. Montague Allan, master of the Hunt. Following is a list of the invited guests: Miss A. Ashworth, Mrs. A. Allan of Brockville, Miss Edith Allan, Miss E. Allan, Mrs. Andrew A. Allan, the Misses Angus, Mrs. J. S. Allan, Miss Buck of New York, Miss Hilda Boyd of England, Mrs. Benner, Mrs. A. Boyer, Mrs. C. P. Chisholm, Miss Chisholm, Miss Christie, Mrs. Colin Campbell, Miss Dutresne, Mrs. S. H. Ewing, Miss Carrie Ewing, Mrs. J. Gault, Mrs. R. Hebbert, Miss Annie Hamilton, Mrs. A. R. G. Heward, Miss Henshaw, Miss Jamison, Miss L. R. Jamison, Miss Jones of Brockville, Mrs. Frank May, Miss Edith Maclean, Mrs. D. Macmaster, Mrs. W. R. Miller, Miss Murray, Miss Macdonnell, Mrs. J. C. McLennan, Mrs. Charles McEachran, Mrs. James O'Brien, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. Hugh Paton, Miss F. Pangman, Mrs. W. Ryland, Mrs. James Ross, Miss Robertson, Miss Stevenson, Miss Sewell, Miss Edith Small, Mrs. J. Alex. L. Strathy, Miss Thibaudeau of Quebec, Mrs. Thomson, Miss White of Ottawa, Messrs. H. Montague Allan, Harry Abbott, J. B. Abbott, Andrew A. Allan, D. Forbes Angus, J. S. Allan, A. Allan, A. Browning of England, Percy Bellhouse, W. R. Baker of Winnipeg, E. A. Bethune, Colin Campbell, E. S. Clouston, W. E. Christie, Fred Cushing, W. M. Cushing, J. Carroll, C. E. Dawson, L. Galarneau, J. H. Gurin, Leslie H. Gault, John Gault, Dr. J. J. Gardner, G. R. Hooper, A. R. G. Howard, R. Hebder, J. B. Hooper, A. Hamilton, Mr. Hamilton, W. L. Jamieson, Henry Joseph, H. H. Lyman, Norman Leslie, Frank May, D. Macmaster, Q. C., W. H. Meredi h, W. R. Miller, F. E. Meredith, Charles Meredith, G. F. Miles of Ireland, Allan Mackenzie, A. R. Macdonell, Dr. Charles McEachran, J. D. McLennan, H. Campbell Nelles, Alex Ogilvie, James O'Brien, Hugh Paton, G. C. Patton of Chicago, Warwick Ryland, W. F. Robertson, James Ross, J. Alex Stevenson, A. Haig Sims, Allison Sims, L. McJ. Spackman, R. W. H. Smith, R. A. Small, J. Alex. L. Strathy, Oliver Smith, Bronson Townsend of New York, J. H. Wardlow.

A lecture was given to Bernhardt one evening during her recent visit here by the poet Frechette, and was attended by the upper crust of French society. The French consuls also gave a dinner in her honor, and Frechette indited a pretty little ode which was sung to her from the gods of the Academy by the Laval students. Bernhardt remarked before leaving that she should retain pleasant memories of this visit to Montreal. Why shouldn't she?

Some splendid musical treats are in store for the Montreal public. On the 26 27 and 28 of this month, the Abbey and Gran Grand French and Italian Opera Company will appear at the Academy of Music, under the management of Messrs. Henry Thomas and Charles Harriss. Their repertoire will consist of Meyerbeer's opera, Les Huguenots; Gounod's opera, Faust, and Wagner's opera, Lohengrin. The company includes such artists as Mme. Albani, Mme. Scalchi, Mme. Pettigiani, Signor Valero, M. Montario, Signor Coletti, and others.

Ignace Jan Paderewski, it is announced, will shortly pay us a visit, and it is quite likely that the Symphony orchestra of New York, under the leadership of Mr. Walter Damrosch, will be secured for one or more concerts. And finally, Mr. Edward Lloyd comes to us again in April. FALSTAFF.

BARRIE.

On Tuesday evening the Young People's Whist Club met at Mrs. Cotter's to hold their first meeting. Six tables were formed, but it is expected that many more will join so as to make ten tables at least. At the end of the evening a business meeting was held to elect a secretary in the place of Mr. McKenzie, resigned. Miss Spry was elected to fill that office. Those present were the Misses Brydon, Stewart, Baker, Cotter, Renier, Bird, Holmes, Spry, McCarthy, Hornsby and Boys, and the Messrs. Choppin, Giles, Stewart, Dyment, Checkly, Morton and Boys.

There is a rumor afloat that the bachelors of the town intend giving an assembly in King's Hall.

The minstrels of the town intend giving a concert near the end of the month, for which they are now preparing.

Rev. Mr. Miller of Hamilton has been the guest of Mrs. Locke.

Mr. Will B. Spry has returned to Philadelphia to continue his studies.

Mr. C. H. Bird has returned to Toronto to pursue his medical studies.

Mr. Fred Crease of the Pharmacy College spent his holidays in town.

Miss Harmon of Ottawa spent a few days with Mrs. Locke.

Mr. R. C. Gill ett of Owen Sound spent New Year's day in town.

Skating on the bay and in the rink has become very popular among the young people.

Vox.

BRANTFORD.

A delightful dance was given by Miss Gould on Tuesday evening. The chief feature of the evening was the introduction of the Oxford minuet. There were no programmes. Hastings' orchestra furnished the music. Among those present were: Mrs. Allan of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cockshutt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs H. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. F. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Paterson, the Misses Curtis, Crompton, Johnson, Goodson, Miss Cockshutt, Miss Green, Miss DeLong, Miss McLellan, Miss DeVeber, Miss Hatton of Toronto, Miss E. Wilkes, Miss Ashton, Miss Creighton, Messrs. A. D. Hardy, H. B. Curtiss, G. E. Fauquier, Dr. Henwood, G. Henwood, D. Reville, Prof. Fairclough, G. B. Killmaster of Fort Rowan, W. G. Killmaster, Martyn, Leaf, Muir, Lay, H. Osborne, P. Hardy, F. Allan of Chicago, and E. Ashton. A number of the costumes were exceedingly pretty. Mrs. Osborne wore white embroidered crepe and chiffon; Mrs. Allan, pink silk with flowers; Mrs. W. F. Cockshutt, white silk; Mrs. White head, black; Mrs. W. Wilkes, old rose; Mrs. Bishop, white; Mrs. Paterson, pale green; Miss Hatton, white silk.

A most enjoyable afternoon tea took place on Thursday of last week at the residence of Mrs. Frank Cockshutt. Bright rooms prettily decorated and some very pleasing costumes made up an attractive scene for about two hours. Music was furnished by Prof. Hastings' orchestra, which added to the enjoyment of the occasion. Among many others were Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Greer, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Oldham, the Misses Good, Curtis, Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. W. F. Cockshutt, Mrs. Blackader, Miss DeLong, Miss Christie, Messrs. A. D. Hardy, Fauquier, Fairclough, J. A. Wallace, G. D. Watt, Curtis, and Cockshutt.

On Thursday evening of last week the gentlemen of Burford gave their second annual ball in the Barnes House. The hall was profusely decorated with flowers, flags and bunting, and when lighted up presented a charming appearance. Those present from Brantford were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Miss Hatton, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Muir, Mr. and Mrs. F. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, the Misses Hoosie, Wye, Crompton, Curtis, Goodson, Byrne, Miss Good, Miss Fair, Miss Brown, Miss Mackenzie, Miss De Veber, Miss Hibbard, Miss Bishop, Miss Leeming, Miss Brown, Miss Searle, Messrs. W. A. Wilkes, H. Curtis, L. E. Blackader, G. S. Perks, A. Mackenzie, G. Watt, C. Watt, D. Reville, W. G. Killmaster, G. B. Killmaster, H. Osborne, R. Haycock, F. Allan and others. A special train conveyed the Brantford people to Burford.

Miss Jarvis of St. John, New Brunswick, is the guest of Mrs. Digby.

Mr. Fauquier has left on a short trip to Cobourg.

Mr. Killmaster has returned home.

Miss Eccleston of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. R. J. Smith.

Mrs. Hardy entertained the Whist Club on Friday evening of last week. A most pleasant and successful evening was spent.

Mr. W. N. Hossie entertained his Sunday school class on Tuesday evening of last week. The boys spent an enjoyable evening and seemed to have plenty of sport. SAILOR.

### Onward and Upward.

A backward look over the departed year can hardly fail to be tinged with sadness. The memory of its lost blessings, its neglected sunlines, unkept resolutions, unrealized hopes and countless shortcomings may well cast a somber veil over scenes which, as we passed through them, were bathed in sunlight and had many joys. Such thoughts, however, should not make us morbid, but only quicken us to make the coming year more wisely and largely fruitful in improvement of self and usefulness to others. That way is opportunity; that way is duty; that way is the way for retrieval of past errors; that way is usefulness to others and improvement and happiness to ourselves. No regret for the past should turn our thoughts from wise improvement for the future, from rising higher in character, in attainment, in all that makes life blessed on earth and prepares for the better life beyond.

### His Name

Brown is a fellow who loves to push himself forward on all occasions. Not long ago he engaged a stranger in conversation in a hotel lobby and after a few minutes he remarked:

"Excuse me, but your name, please?"

"Brown," replied the stranger graciously.

"Ah, mine is Brown also," he chirruped with a pleased smile.

The stranger's face was imperturbable.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Also," he said very quietly, and Brown was flaffergasted.

### To-day

Do to-day's duty; fight to day's temptations; improve to day's opportunities. Do not worry or mourn as to the past, nor be anxious as to the future. Never weaken or distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. To live aright to day is the best preparation for the morrow.

### They See Him

A Texas gentleman has observed that when he goes out hunting, and has his gun with him, and wants to ride on the street car, he has never had occasion to signal a street car driver twice.

### That Was Appropriate.

Telling—The first man I met was a New Year's morning was Mr. Chestnut of Philadelphia.

Dimling—I suppose you passed the compliments of the season?

Telling—Yes, I wished him a happy new year.

### Time

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God to respect time. As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every moment of life. We cannot waste hours without wasting improvement and duty. We cannot kill time without blighting eternity!

### Dreadful

Little sister (as she catches sight of Chappie's chrysanthemum)—Oh, look there! Mr. Van has got sister's powder-puff in his button-hole.

GOLDEN LION.

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Double-fold Tweeds and Serges, were 75c., now for **Twenty-nine Cents.**

Broadcloths, plain and cheek; Foule Cloths, worth from 80c. to $1.25, now for **Thirty-nine Cents.**

Newest Tweed Novelties, worth 90c. up, now only **Forty-nine Cents.**

50-inch Camel's Hair Cloth and other Costume Cloths, were $1 and higher, now being cleared at **Fifty-nine Cents.**

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$1.00 SIZE, 75c.


### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

#### Births.

DUNSFORD—Jan. 12, Mrs. W. H. Dunsford—a son.
MURRAY—Jan. 9, Mrs. J. P. Murray—a son.
BOULTON—Dec. 30, Mrs. A. O. F. Boulton—a son.
LAING—Jan. 9, Mrs. J. Laing—a daughter.
NELLES—Jan. 7, Mrs. Charles Nelles—a son.
PATERSON—Jan. 9, Mrs. R. Paterson—a son.
BROWNE—Jan. 12, Mrs. H. D. Browne—a daughter.
DUTHIE—Jan. 12, Mrs. George Duthie, jr.—a son.
PORTER—Jan. 13, Mrs. Orlando Porter—a son.
INGRAM—Jan. 8, Mrs. L. H. Ingram—a son.
ALLEN—Jan. 1, Mrs. Norman Allen—a daughter.
WISHART—Jan. 8, Mrs. D. J. Gibb Wishart—a daughter.
RICHARDSON—Jan. 6, Mrs. A. B. Richardson—a daughter.
MACDONALD—Jan. 7, Mrs. J. Bruce Macdonald—a son.
HOWELL—Jan. 6, Mrs. Thomas Howell—a daughter.
FERRIER—Jan. 6, Mrs. Walter Ferrier—a daughter.
ALLAN—Jan. 8, Mrs. F. B. Allan—a son.
BIRD—Jan. 8, Mrs. C. A. Bird—a son.
GILSON—Jan. 5, Mrs. George H. Gilson—a daughter.
GOODHAM—Jan. 5, Mrs. Ed. Goodham—a son.
BOSWELL—Jan. 7, Mrs. T. E. Boswell—a son.
CLARKE—Jan. 9, Mrs. W. Clarke—a son.

#### Marriages.

LEEMING—CATCHER—Jan. 6, Thomas Leeming to Mary Catcher.
PAUL—WILLIAMS—Dec. 14, Charles Paul to Jessie Williams.
LAWE—CRESWETT—Jan. 9, Harry Lawe to Eleanor Chewett.
RADCLIFFE—SCHOLZ—Dec. 29, S. J. Radcliffe to Isabel Scholz.
THOMPSON—LEES—Dec. 30, J. E. Thompson to Annabella Lees.
ROBERTSON—NORTH—Dec. 23, Duncan Robertson to Isabel North.
BOOTH—SOOTH—Jan. 1, Alexander Bowie to Jennie Booth.
BROWN—WARD—Dec. 31, Alonzo Brown to Cecil Ward.
PARDEE—JOHNSTON—Dec. 31, Fred Pardee to Mary J. Johnston.
BARTLET—GRAHAM—Jan. 12, Alexander Bartlet to Fanny Graham.
COCHRANE—MORRIS—Jan. 12, James A. Cochrane to A. Eva Morris.

#### Deaths.

BOWMAN—Died at Berlin, Ont., on Saturday evening, December 26, 1891, Agnes Nellie, beloved wife of A. L. Bowman, Collector of Customs, aged 44 years.
JONES—Jan., Martha Jones, aged 68.
HORNBY—Oaklands, Cal., Dec. 4, William Hornby.
RAYMOND—Jan. 12, Lowrey D. Raymond, aged 80.
PASSMORE—Jan. 10, Frederick F. Passmore, aged 68.
NEWSON—Jan. 11, Agnes D. Symons, aged 60.
CAWTHRA—Jan. 11, Joseph Cawthra.
ERBS—Jan. 12, Marie Erbs, aged 72.
KENNEDY—Jan. 12, Thomas Kennedy, aged 60.
LAMONT—Jan. 11, Mrs. Agnes Lamont.
BACLAY—Jan. 12, Jessie Baclay, aged 72.
BLACKSTOCK—Jan. 12, Elsie Blackstock.
KANE—Jan. 11, Florence Charlotte Kane.
LOW—Dec. 16, Alicia Allegra Per hal Low.
McINTOSH—Jan. 11, John McIntosh, aged 66.
POOLE—Jan. 11, Mary Wilkes Poole, aged 41.
WELLER—Dec. 24, Albert Weller.
WILLCOCK—Jan. 11, Fanny Willcock, aged 83.
COFFEE—Jan. 9, Mary Coffee, aged 60.
JEFFREY—Jan. 10, H. E. (Betsy) Jeffrey, aged 25.
DESOVAR—Jan. 10, Bruce Hannah Desovar.
CLARKE—Jan. 10, John Clarke, aged 69.
MOSELY—Jan. 11, William Mosely, aged 65.
HAMLY—Jan. 12 Mrs J. P. Hamly.
IRVINE—Jan 8, Elizabeth L. Irvine, aged 84.
MACKENDRICK—Jan. 12, Matthew MacKendrick.
McINNES—Jan. 12, Arch. McInnes, aged 69.
STRACHAN—Jan. 13, Olive M. Strachan, aged 1.


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McTAVISH—Jan. 13, Margaret McTavish.
WALTON—Chinese, Jan. 10, Frances Walton.
NICOL—Jan. 12, Isabella Nicol, aged 85.
McMULLIN—Jan. 6, Wm. McMullin, aged 62
SHEEN—Jan. 7, Harold Sheen, aged 4.
CAVERHILL—Jan. 6, Agnes Caverhill, aged 49
JOHNSON—Jan. 7, Laura Ella Johnson, aged 72.
COADY—Jan. 9, James Coady, aged 81.


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As an assistance to reducing our stock we will during this month of December offer the whole of our large assortment of Brass Goods, in Fire Irons, Coal Hods, Umbrella Stands, Andirons, Lamps, etc., Jelly Moulds, Tongue Moulds, Agate Ware, Copper Ware and all other description of household necessities at a 25 per cent. discount. The stock is splendidly assorted and new. With this reduction off our already low prices there can be no question as to their being lower than ever before offered in this city. "Around the Corner" is already so well known that it is only necessary to make this intimation to ensure a call from every intending purchaser.

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